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MAIDENS' HEARTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

THE parish villages of Grünheim and Langenau lie not far apart, the one upon the hem of the forest, its pretty parsonage-garden separated only by the width of a carriage-track from the nearest trees; the other, pushed back into the billowy plain at the foot of a little hill encircled by meadows and orchards.

The trestle-work of railways had not yet indented this mellow soil, and never had the sudden pant and scream of the iron horse been heard from afar, terrifying all living creatures as he rushed by.

A dreamy peace reigned in this happy valley. It sounded like a fairy-tale when the young pastor of Langenau, who had come thither with his mother scarcely a year before, told of the great university city beyond the mountains, whose soft outlines bounded the horizon.

Travellers seldom entered this region, since there was no watering-place in the vicinity, and no accessible romance of rocks and cascades. Books and papers found their way in very limited numbers to the villages, the latter only in their old age, which, nevertheless, did not prevent the two daughters of the Grünheim pastor from seizing with joyful impatience the package brought by the country messenger on the first of every month.

The materials for the modest toilet of the ladies were ordered from the nearest country-town and modelled by their own hands after patterns which had served the French empress at the opening of the previous year.

Elfrieda, the younger, always welcomed with especial joy the arrival of new books.

"There is nothing left for me to read in papa's library," she would sigh. "The learned books I do not understand; Goethe I cannot bear, now that I know the story of poor Frederika of Sesenheim; Schiller I know by heart already; Wieland and Herder do not relish every day; and my own Jean Paul, whom, after papa, I love best in the world, mamma is always taking away from me, because she says he does me no good. It is a bit of good fortune that I can read aloud to the pastor's mother at Langenau out of 'Hesperus,' and 'Titan,' and all Jean Paul's other books."

And so she did often, and, while she read, a side-door swung noiselessly ajar. There was the study of the young minister. He could be seen sitting at his writing-desk, apparently deep in his work, but the page before him lay unstained, while his eyes were often raised to admire the picture which the opening of the door disclosed—a slender, blond maiden seated on a low stool at the feet of the woman whom he loved best on earth—his mother.

Sometimes, later, he would join them in the parlor, and all three talked together of what had been read. Here, as nowhere else, Elfrieda gave free course to her heart, her fanciful little head, and her tongue, until a still, soft, and beautiful woman's hand was laid upon her fair brow, and a gentle voice said, half-chidingly, half in tenderness, "Be still, my child. You understand nothing of all this."

"Let her alone, mother," another voice would entreat, but, the deciding word once spoken, the young girl laughed and blushed, and the conversation returned to subjects of every-day life.

An end was always put to such interviews by the arrival of the pastor of Grünheim, who came to fetch his little daughter home, but remained a while, discussing theological questions with his young colleague.

Once, when father and daughter had gone—accompanied part way, as usual, by the mother and son—the old lady said:

"What a swarm of fancies whirl through the brain of a young girl like her, and what a blessing it would be if such a chaos were illuminated by the hand of a kind and judicious man! Then, indeed, our little Elfrieda would grow to be the noblest of women, for she has the one thing most needed—a warm heart. But she must herself find the way to that guiding hand—no one can give her counsel."

"Let us go once more into the forest, dear cousin," said Woldemar Wellen, the guest of the Grünheim parsonage, one afternoon in the late autumn. "I feel like singing 'Farewell, thou beautiful wood!' I shall see it no more until next summer. Come, Elfrieda, you have nothing to do in the house—will you go?"

Elfrieda was sitting on one of the garden-benches, tracing all sorts of mystic characters in the sand with a hazel wand, and rubbing them

out again with her pretty slippered foot, while her questioner, a cigar between his lips, walked back and forth before her.

Asters and chrysanthemums were blooming in luxuriant profusion, late roses stood in the garden-beds, and the withered leaves already lay quite thick along the path.

It was past two o'clock, and deep stillness reigned in the parsonage.

The father and mother were locked in their mid-day slumber, and Anna, the elder sister, had withdrawn herself to a solitary corner with one of the books which Woldemar had brought—a novel by Turgenieff, in the masterly translation of Bodenstedt.

"How much better it would be if you were not to go back any more into that world which everybody calls so wicked and frivolous!" said Elfrieda, suddenly, instead of replying. "It is not good to live there. I am sure of that, notwithstanding you can describe so beautifully your employments and the people of your society."

"I used to be happy there, I think, but now the thought of it does not please me. However, it cannot be long before I shall grow wonted to it again. But, really, I like best to stay in New Sesenheim, where it is more beautiful than anywhere else in the world, even though Goethe—"

"Hush! Why do you vex me with your Goethe? You know that I cannot abide him for forgetting poor Frederika. I would never leave Grünheim, but Anna—"

"Anna! Do you really think that she—"

"Certainly. Have you not seen how her cheeks always burn when you tell her about the world outside? And, indeed, she might go away at any time, for she has a godmother living at Rossock who invites her every year. Anna only writes to her at New Year's, and she always replies immediately. It is no small task to fill the pages, I assure you, for I always help Anna, she dislikes writing so much!"

"Anna—yes, she would excite great attention," he said, in a suppressed voice, with a wholly altered expression of countenance, "should the marvellous statue be animated, and some one discover the magic word which should teach those eyes the glance of love."

The young girl looked at him in astonishment.

"Statue! Love! Are you dreaming, cousin?"

Woldemar Wellen turned.

"You are right. I was dreaming. But I never saw a more beautiful or a colder lady than your sister."

"Are you in earnest? Is Anna really so beautiful?"

"Yes—but can you not see it yourself?"

"How should I? Can I compare her with other women? But she is not cold. Why, she loves me so dearly that she would give me any thing she possesses without a word. Only she has so earnest a life. How could any one who sings like Anna be cold? But come, dear cousin, we will go into the forest. Shall you take your portfolio along?"

"Certainly; I must sketch the old beech-tree once more."

They went slowly down the garden, opened the little wicket-gate, and entered the wood—a handsome pair, thus sauntering side by side.

The young man was tall and slender, with dark hair and eyes. His bronzed features were finely cut, and his winning smile—for he smiled often—disclosed the finest teeth flashing under his black mustache. His manner exhibited that blending of vivacity and indolence always so dangerous to the female fancy; no one before had brought to the quiet parsonage that easy self-assurance peculiar to the man of the world.

No woman's heart is ever quite inaccessible to the charm of those attentions which Woldemar Wellen observed as scrupulously toward his so-called aunt and her daughters as toward his noble patronesses and charming lady-friends in the world outside. He appeared on the scene as a kind of romantic hero, more piquant than all the newspaper stories, and carrying captive the fancy of his young cousins in a moment.

Now, for the second time, he was watching the forest "paint itself" in this seclusion, while he prepared himself by interesting tree-studies and sketches for the elaboration of those larger landscape-pictures which were the pride of his patron's noble saloon.

He had only by chance discovered his distant relationship to the pastor's family, whom he now playfully termed the dwellers in New Sesenheim, insisting that his little cousin Elfrieda was the exact image

of Goethe's Frederika. And, indeed, she bore some outward resemblance to that lovely type of womanly beauty.

She was a blonde, delicate and slender, but her eyes were brown, with long lashes, and her profile more perfect than Frederika's, whose little turned-up nose seemed to scan the world with saucy curiosity.

Anna, the elder sister, was strikingly beautiful, and of a form whose perfect outlines her plain, old-fashioned toilet could not mar. She seemed to have arrayed herself in some sportive disguise, so strangely did the head, with its strongly-defined lineaments; the mouth, with its antique curve; the deep-blue eyes, with their long lashes and faultless brows; the black hair and the regal form—comport with the dress of a country-pastor's daughter. Waiting so gracefully at the modest table, or walking hand in hand with her mother, she might have been taken for some disguised princess out of the old stories who served as a waiting-maid to win the king's son. She moved amid her surroundings like an actress studying a strange rôle. All her household duties were scrupulously performed, but she loved best, when her father was away, to shut herself up and read in his study.

The education of both sisters had been carefully attended to by their father, but only Anna perseveringly learned the Latin vocabularies or reached first grade in mathematics and physics.

Elfrieda's Latin, as her teacher said, was limited to the conjugation of *amo*, and she disclaimed an enthusiasm for any of the natural sciences, except botany. She was the companion of all her father's walks, plucking great handfuls of flowers, or catching gay butterflies to let them go again, and entering with him, like a good fairy, the abodes of want and wretchedness.

To her alone the good man read his sermons every Saturday evening—sermons full of love and gentleness—and a happy smile played about his mouth while she assured him that "this one was more beautiful than all the others." But, indeed, the most absurd and illogical arguments in the world would have been eloquence to her from his lips. To Elfrieda's mind, her father was the ideal man embodied; and when, after the fashion of girls, she dreamed of housekeeping, her future lord always appeared in just such a study, wearing a long, gray coat, and she sat beside him on the sofa, as with her father—only she could not imagine the oil-spot on the checkered blue cover, in her new dwelling, or the pipes. But she would, on no account, be willing to marry a minister—so she explained to her father—she must have somebody to whom she could be like an angel, some man half lost, or inexpressibly unfortunate. Some suitable obstacle must be interposed between her future love and its happy fruition. Her foolish little heart was bent on experiencing something extraordinary, doing something admirable. Let there be no quiet, commonplace happiness—either a career, or—a sacrifice!

Ah! how the breath of real love extinguishes all such girlish dreams, as if they had never been! How we come gradually to see that what we thought the fulfilment of all our charming fancies, differs from them, as the autumn day from the spring morning!

Elfrieda told all her heart, but no one knew what Anna dreamed. Her nature had been reserved and reticent from childhood. Only Elfrieda's gay winsomeness she could not withstand, however much she sought to repress her undue enthusiasm.

The father and mother differed in their estimates of the characters of their children. The pastor's wife was anxious for the beautiful, quiet daughter.

"It seems as if she were not in her right place here, as if she belonged somewhere else, and would gladly be away—and yet she would sooner die than betray her wishes. But Elfrieda never troubles herself about any thing—she will have an easy life."

"My anxiety is for our little one," replied the minister. "Fanciful creatures like her often strike upon wrong paths and do something evil, out of very zeal for accomplishing extraordinary good. My one consolation is, that some time a true and noble man will take her to his protecting arms. Walter Heimburg, the young pastor of Langenau, loves the child, and has opened his heart to me; but we must say nothing of it to Elfrieda. That she will love him in time, I do not doubt for a moment. Anna could, at need, go alone through life—she is made of iron and steel. Elfrieda would be lost without a faithful, guiding hand. I am sure that she will clasp the right hand at the right moment."

After supper, as they sat together in the parlor, or in the grape-arbor, the old spinet was wont to hum and vibrate under Anna's

hands, while her thrilling contralto voice sang ballads and folk-songs which the dead chorister had taught her. And, sometimes, at the sound, Elfrieda felt a strange trembling in her heart. Was that her calm, quiet sister, who thus sang? Whence came this ardent ray, this breathing glow? But, the song once ended, Anna would rise, take her sewing in her hand, or go into the kitchen, with the same tranquil unconcern as before.

Into this story-like peacefulness Woldemar Wellen had suddenly brought the restless element of his modern artist-life. It was but natural that Elfrieda's eyes should require some time to accustom themselves to the appearance of her elegant cousin. A man out of the great world, with all the toilet accompaniments of a hero of the saloon, could not fail to impress her vividly. Then, too, the conversation and manners of her cousin were always as fresh and attractive as his ruffles, or the graceful knot of his cravat. How different was he from the young minister, who only showed his ability to speak from the pulpit, or within the smallest social circle! Elfrieda was ashamed to find herself comparing the handsome feet of the artist with the remarkable workmanship of her father's boots, and she admired her cousin's faultless glove with a lively, but secret annoyance, that the slender, finely-formed fingers of the pastor of Langenau should always be encased in an awkward black-and-white envelope, where two hands might have found ample room. She had anxiously watched Walter Heimburg's manner in the presence of her cousin, and had given herself much vain trouble to bring the young men nearer to each other. She could not listen quite so eagerly, if the minister were there, when Woldemar Wellen told of the world outside; and, in his fascinating way, unrolled the most graphic pictures of society. His estimate of his lady-acquaintances had a strange sound, and his smile, as he described their fascinations, quite dismayed his listeners.

"The proud butterflies let themselves be caught only too easily," he said, "and forget the charm there is for the masculine nature in what is hardly won. I believe that I could love a woman to distraction, if she—despised me!"

When, in the midst of a ravishing description of those wonderful mazes of fashion, whose doors, he said, would not be closed for an hour against the lovely creatures before him, he asked, playfully, if his sweet cousins had no desire to know such a paradise, Elfrieda threw her arms about her father's neck, exclaiming:

"If papa, mamma, and Anna, were to go too—not otherwise!"

Anna was silent, but she flashed a strange glance at the questioner, while her mother answered, laughing:

"A single ball-costume for the child, and a dress for me, would cost more than the father's half-year's salary!"

The father nodded, in the midst of his dense clouds of smoke, and congratulated his children that they were not obliged to scorch their feet in the outside Sahara.

Woldemar had scarcely been able to conceal his first surprised impression of the daughters of the parsonage. Only a temporary caprice had decided him to ask from a distant cousin, whom he had visited at Prague the previous autumn, a letter of introduction to the pastor's wife at Grünheim, of whose former beauty that old gentleman had discoursed with real enthusiasm. It was Elfrieda who first fluttered out to him in the garden, like a little, shy bird, and led him in his search for her father. When Anna appeared upon the parlor threshold, the guest was already domesticated in the little family-circle—the letter of their dear, though distant kinsman having insured him the most cordial welcome.

Anna had just returned from a visit to Langenau. As she entered, in her light summer dress, somewhat flushed from her long walk, with a great straw hat upon her arm, and two poppies stuck negligently in her black hair; Woldemar arose, almost abashed at her appearance. She looked full in his eyes for a moment, while her mother uttered the few introductory phrases, then she gave him her hand coolly and quietly; but a momentary pallor chased the glow from her cheeks as she seated herself near him, taking little part in the conversation.

Afterward, the young artist sketched Anna in the most various attitudes and costumes—sometimes as a Spanish, again as a Greek maiden; now as an Italian fisher-girl, or a beautiful mendicant. He never tired of studying and copying her classic lineaments, and taking views of her head from all sides, and in every sort of adornment, until he at last exclaimed, almost in despair, that nothing but a crown, or a wreath of full-blown roses, would do for such a profile.

He never drew Elfrieda.

"She belongs to the wood-and-flower sprites, elves, and such-like merry servitors," he said, sportively, "who can only be caught at the appointed hour, or by close watching."

Perhaps Elfrieda would never have sat to him, for she declared the patience of her sister, who could sit motionless in one position with the air of a queen, to be something quite supernatural. But she could look on for hours, while her new cousin sketched or painted, and no one in the house more admired his work than she. She sought out eagerly for him the finest groups of trees, studied colors and tints under his tuition, learning "to see," as her cousin called it, and often astonishing him by her discriminating criticism of a striking light, or a beautiful object.

"Don't you think our new cousin like papa?" Elfrieda hesitatingly asked her sister one evening.

"Like papa!" said Anna, astonished. "What ails you? What are you thinking of?"

Elfrieda turned away her face, reddening hotly under the strangely-searching look of her sister.

"But I thought their eyes were alike, and their voices."

"To be sure, if black and light-gray eyes are alike, and a tenor can be changed into a bass voice!"

And Anna's hand smoothed her sister's hair, but her grave, earnest glance sought again and again the eyes of her sister.

Another time—Woldemar had already been several weeks at the parsonage—it chanced that the two sisters were walking up and down the garden-path, while the painter sketched in the wood. All at once Elfrieda stood still, and, laying her little hand upon Anna's arm, said, very earnestly:

"I want to ask you something."

Anna's beautiful face grew pale; she hesitated a moment, and replied, in a low tone:

"Speak, then. What is it? Only no long introduction."

She withdrew herself almost harshly from Elfrieda's touch, and, sitting down upon the nearest bench, repeated impatiently, "What is it?"

"How strange you are! It is nothing bad. I only wanted to beg you to be a little more kind to our cousin."

A charming smile parted Anna's lips. With a quick gesture she drew her sister toward her.

"Foolish child! No such solemn preparation was necessary for that. You frightened me."

"You were solemn, not I!" cried the young girl, embracing her sister. "But I see more plainly every day that you cannot endure him, and he is so lonely, and the ladies whom he knows seem not to have been good to him, and in the life he leads his soul will surely be lost, and we are here to save lost souls by goodness and love, and—"

"They were not good to him, Elfrieda? Was he good to them? Has he not told you about it?"

"No, but he thinks that love and truth have vanished from the earth, and nothing seems of worth to him any more. He will marry the first rich lady and be happy after his fashion, like all his friends. But, Anna, there are words that may guide the lost, and we ought not to let him go astray."

"Meanwhile, don't give yourself too much trouble about him. Our cousin is a man like those described in the books he brought us—he thinks that every girl who looks at him kindly is in love with him. Have you forgotten how he spoke of women?"

"Ah, if you would only talk confidentially with him, you would not think so. It makes me so sad, because he has no one who belongs to him, and I have decided to go often with him into the forest, that he may feel less how bad it is to be alone. Are you not at all interested, then, for lost souls?"

"Certainly I am; but I should try to save *such* a lost soul only when it asked me itself."

This conversation made Elfrieda oftener accompany her cousin in his rambles, while Anna grew more silent and reserved toward him than before. Only, sometimes, when Elfrieda was with her mother at Langenau, Anna would remain sitting near him in the garden with some light work in her hand. Then often, very often, he would raise his dark eyes to her, sitting there in her bright dress, with the coronal of black braids on her forehead, like a stranger-queen. A dream seemed resting on his eyelids—he felt as if cast away upon some unfamiliar shore. All the images of the world in which he had dwelt before vanished like shimmering mist. As he compared this young creature

before him with all those women who crowded the brilliant saloons, he seemed to be living in a fairy-tale. All those decorated forms, floating in clouds of gauze, or enveloped in heavy folds of shining silk—how faded, how superficial, would they seem here in this little garden beside this strangely-beautiful being, who grew only more fresh and lovely in the brightest sunshine! Then a word or glance of deeper meaning flew to and fro, and the maiden's *hauteur* almost disappeared as she spoke of her quiet life, and how she longed to know more of people and countries.

He talked very differently with Elfrieda. She was still almost a child, curious as a nightingale—she had so much to ask of the minute details of his life outside, and yet she declared that she could never be willing to leave Grünheim.

"I should like, just once, to take you both to a ball," said the young painter, one day to Elfrieda. "It would be delightful to watch the stir and stare which the appearance of such a pair of sisters would excite."

"What could we do among all those elegant dancers you have told us about?" she answered, musingly. "We should play as sorry a rôle there as poor Frederika in Strasbourg. The ball-costume of the city would become us very ill."

"Not you! You should always wear white, little Elsie. But Anna is, doubtless, more beautiful in rich stuffs and heavy folds."

"Why have you never married any of these charming women whom you know by the dozen?"

"I have waited for beauty—that true beauty which intoxicates my artist-eyes—and for love, to make me a better man."

As the sisters sat alone that evening in their little chamber, and Anna took the pins from her hair, letting it fall in heavy waves upon her proud shoulders, Elfrieda suddenly placed the lamp on a side-table, so that it shone full upon the face and figure of her sister. Anna moved backward, looking at her inquiringly.

"What now, little one?"

"I wanted to imagine how you would really look if you were splendidly dressed with flowers in your hair. I think, as our cousin does, that you would be lovelier than all the others."

"Nonsense! Take away the light, you silly child!" And Anna turned hastily, but not before Elfrieda had seen a vivid flush of anger overspread her face.

Sometimes it happened that Woldemar read aloud for an hour when the pastor was absent. He chose no books from the clergyman's shelves—he had brought with him all sorts of tales, novels, and romances, a whole library of his darlings, the exotics of modern literature—French translations, too, sweet foreign fruits, whose juices, as he himself said, jestingly, would "quickly steal away the senses."

The girls listened with glowing cheeks to every word, but their mother did not conceal her impatience at the "absurd stuff," and, at last, positively declared that it gave her a headache, and could not be healthful for anybody. Schiller, Goethe, and even Jean Paul himself, had never so distracted her children as these complicated love-stories of their cousin, where people behaved so wildly about each other, and yet never married.

"I don't understand the love in such books," she said, "and never shall; and I hope my children will never understand it either. In my time a girl loved with her whole heart, but she made no such ado about it. That her lover would be true was taken as a matter of course, but, if it ever happened otherwise, she married some one else, and made, notwithstanding, a thrifty housewife, who served her husband faithfully, and was a brave mother to her children. Not that the first love was forgotten, but she did not cry out her sorrow to the whole world—she kept it with her prayer for the silence of her chamber. Then she had her hands full, and no time for musing. And she was doubly attentive and devoted to her husband, to make amends for not having given him her fresh, first love. So it was then; but, in these new-fangled stories, the women are no longer faithful to any one, neither to the old sweetheart nor to the new, and they wish to make life agreeable to themselves and to nobody else. Each can love but one—herself. And nobody knew any thing about lost souls and such-like things when I was young; it is as if there should be all at once a host of new diseases, of which nobody ever had a symptom before. Children used to do what was approved by their parents, who knew best, of course; but, if a girl could not quite force her heart, she became, with a good grace, an old maid, whom everybody liked to have about, because she helped everybody."

"But, dear aunt," laughed Woldemar, "our modern ladies are willing enough to throw over a friend or a lover and take up with another, provided the one is poor and the other rich. They are touchingly self-sacrificing, too, only in a different way. But one thing they have forgotten, to keep their emotions under lock and key, or, at least, their locks and keys are of very light workmanship compared with—"

"Not all, I hope!" exclaimed Anna, proudly, and her eyes flashed upon the speaker.

She sat at the open window, in the full glow of sunset. The vine-branches had been pushed aside, disclosing an unobstructed view of the garden. Her head was leaning upon her arm, and the wonderfully pure outline of her profile was cut clearly and sharply against the illuminated background. Her summer-dress floated like a light cloud about the perfect contour of her shoulders, and her queenly neck was almost swept by the low knots of her black hair. Her eyes flamed, her cheeks glowed, her full lips trembled with her restless breath.

Woldemar had never seen her so beautiful before. A glowing thrill shot through his heart, and he could not take his eyes from her face.

"This comes of those foolish books," said the mother. "The children are growing headstrong.—Anna, go into the wash-room and put away the two baskets of fresh table-linen which I left there, and see that the edges lie evenly upon each other."

Anna rose. She passed her hand across her forehead, and was once more the careful house-maiden.

"You are right, mother. Such reading is not good for us," she said, and left the room with her usual quiet manner.

"I will shut the bad books now," said Woldemar. "They are, indeed, little suited to this place. It is time to go to meet your father, Elfrieda—the christening-feast must be over.—Will you go, too?" But Elfrieda said that she must help her sister, and the pastor's wife went alone with her guest.

Elfrieda looked after them a while, and then turned backward to the house. She sat down on the low door-stone—it was so cool and solitary, and she felt suddenly tired and sad. The servant-maid was busy in the yard, and through the open door could be seen the garden-path and the forest-road to Langenau.

"How long it is since I have been there!" she thought.

The old house-clock ticked slowly, and very softly, as if from afar. Anna sung:

"He bade her adieu, as he rode again,
And the maiden's heart it brake in twain!"

Still Elfrieda sat, with her hands crossed upon her knee, her head resting against the casement, her eyes half-closed, while all sorts of thoughts chased each other through her little head, circling in a roundelay about two central figures.

Why was Walter Heimburg so cool to her cousin? Why could his dear old mamma never endure to hear any one speak of Woldemar? As if one must not care all the more for him if nobody else did! If only in spite of them all! Why did Walter come so seldom now that Woldemar was there, and why did he never stop to talk with her now when he met her on her walks? And never one word of thanks had he said for that great bouquet of the loveliest wild-flowers which she had lately sent to his mother! Her father went often as ever to Langenau; he used always to ask her to go, too—but why did he never speak of it now? All this had never impressed her so strongly as now, when she sat so lonely, and looked out over the road winding, like a narrow ribbon, through the many-colored forest. Who could have time to think of such things when her cousin was by? But the day after to-morrow she would go to the service at Langenau—just out of curiosity—and Woldemar should go, too, and she would see if the minister—

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Fräulein Elfrieda," said a low voice, suddenly. "I could not think—I found nobody—I wanted to speak to your father—it is the Offenbarung Johannis."

She sprang up, startled and embarrassed.

"I thought—papa will surely be home directly—my cousin has already gone for him," she stammered. "Will you wait in the parlor? Anna is there—mamma went out with Woldemar."

A slight shadow flitted across the young minister's face.

"Thank you," he said. "I should not wish to trouble you. My mother sent you greeting."

"We are coming to Langenau day after to-morrow—all of us.

The Vicar of Grünheim is to preach for papa. I am so glad that he can rest for once. What are you going to preach about?" she asked, while he followed her slowly up the steps and entered the parlor behind her.

"About love," he answered, softly. "It is a wonderful word; though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

"We are coming," she repeated, as if in a dream.

He reached his hand to her.

"I will go and carry the pleasant news to my mother," he said, earnestly. "Good-night, Fräulein Elfrieda. Greet your father for me. I will come another time. Perhaps I may meet him."

It was the first time that he had held her hand so long in his own. A strange disquiet possessed her. She drew away her trembling fingers, almost as if frightened, and, opening the door, accompanied her visitor down the garden-path.

Her eyes hastily scanned his face as he bowed his farewell. His light-brown hair was touched with a golden shimmer, but she could not discern the expression of his eyes. He stood with his back to the sunset.

"Many greetings to your mother," he said, and turned away.

She stood gazing after him, but he did not look back; then she slipped back to her quiet nook. Mechanically she repeated the words:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

Nobody heard her. Nobody saw tear after tear gather slowly under her drooping lashes. Why did she weep? She scarcely knew herself.

The minister's wife sat, with her two daughters, in the neat little church at Langenau, next Sunday. Woldemar had remained at home with the old clergyman. A face like that of the beloved disciple looked down with gentle eyes from the pulpit upon the congregation, and a mild voice spoke with persuasive eloquence of the "highest in heaven and earth"—of love.

He spoke of that love which accomplishes the one greatest miracle ever done on earth, the salvation of lost souls from destruction—of that love, which, as the saintly Thomas à Kempis so nobly says, is "quick, sincere, innocent, kind, dispensing joy, strong, patient, faithful, brave, long-suffering, firm, never seeking its own."

When they rested a while in the parsonage, before their homeward walk, chatting with their cheery hostess, whose eyes had not forgotten the merry light of eighteen years, and the young minister cut a spray of roses for Elfrieda—for Langenau garden boasted such roses as blossomed nowhere else—the fair girl would gladly have stayed the whole day. But Anna called aloud to her:

"Do not forget that you promised our cousin to help him arrange his sketches."

Why did Elfrieda blush as she looked up at the words, and met the deeply-earnest glance of the minister? A half-defiant expression hovered about her lovely mouth, as she rose hastily, saying:

"You are right. We must go, indeed."

So they separated, and a whole week passed without another meeting.

Woldemar Wellen soon came to recognize himself as the central figure of the simple, familiar life at Grünheim, and prolonged his stay from week to week. The whole course of this quiet existence was so novel and interesting that, to his own astonishment, he experienced no desire for worldly excitements. So pleasant was the rest from all those emotions which had been wont to thrill his heart, the conflicting tremors of a passion of a few days' or hours' duration, that he sought to hold fast his new freedom. His so-called cousins were beautiful and naive enough to make him forget all other women, at least for a time. Yet he was almost frightened at the influence of Anna's haughty nature upon him. He found himself taking real trouble to call the sunshine of a kind look or smile to that peerless face.

He did not lack employment. The old minister loved his glass of wine, and Walter Heimburg—if Elfrieda were not near—was an excellent hand at chess. The pastor's wife exercised a genuine motherly care over him, and Woldemar Wellen had nowhere else been so worthy to be loved as in the forest parsonage. He meant to grow better in this atmosphere of peace, and often said in jest that, if his good genius had but led him earlier to New Sesenheim, he should, doubtless, have become a minister.

"It is too late now for piety," he would sigh. "I cannot long do without the great, restless world. I am used to the sweet poison, like the arsenic-eater or opium-smoker, who would pine away and die, if he gave up his dangerous habit. Only a woman who loved me, and whom I loved, could save me now!"

He was still, as he had been, a child of the world, outwardly attractive, petted by women, swayed by circumstances, carelessly enjoying the present moment. He had long ago learned to love but one besides himself—his Art; and even her, not with the sacred devotion of genius, but with the grateful homage of talent, knowing only too well that he owed to her that *dolce far niente* which he called life, and that she alone opened to him the doors of those saloons and boudoirs in which he took such keen delight. And, with the same air of pleasant nonchalance which he wore when chatting with Frau von L— of music, fashion, and love, in her charming boudoir, he now sat with the pastor's daughters: only that here he really tried to be amiable; and there, all trouble seemed quite *de trop* to an invariable conqueror.

It was strange that, from the first, the two parents had looked without anxiety upon the association of their daughters with the new cousin. If ever the mother, with the keen glance of her sex, spoke in half-playful warning of the painter's fiery eyes, the father laughed away every budding apprehension with the words:

"How could our children fall in love with such a man of the world? You women see all sorts of tempest-clouds when the sky is blue and clear, but, if a real thunder-storm is brewing, you would make us believe it is nothing. That is your way."

After Woldemar's first return to M—, Elfrieda corresponded with him, and his piquant letters were common property in the family-circle. Anna never wrote to him.

"You can do such things better than I," she would reply to her sister's monitions; "and, besides, does he ever ask for a letter from me?"

She was the last to welcome him when he came again, but she wore that blue dress whose color, he had once said, became her so exquisitely that he should like always to see her in blue—she reminded him of Murillo's Madonna of Seville. She sung his favorite songs, but her demeanor toward him was no less reserved and repellent than before. It was clear—Elfrieda marked it with growing sorrow—that Anna could not abide her cousin. But why not? Walter Heimburg, too, had withdrawn himself more and more, and, if they ever met, he was so stiff and strange that Elfrieda was almost angry, and she was never so attentive to her cousin as during the visits of Frau Heimburg and her son at Grünheim. But when they had once formally taken leave, she felt as if she must run after them, and beg them to come back, and every thing should be very—oh, so very different. Sometimes she really did follow the old lady, and seize her hand caressingly, but nothing came right again, and the cloud still rested on her young friend's brow.

Once only, Elfrieda spoke with the minister of her cousin. As they were walking homeward from a visit to Langenau, shortly before Woldemar's second arrival, she found herself behind all the others at Walter's side, and he suddenly asked her if she kept up an industrious correspondence with her cousin. She was strangely glad to answer:

"He writes but seldom—he has so little time. Young and old lay claim to him, from all quarters, day after day."

"I can easily think so," said the young pastor; "the world holds its children fast, and gives them a wearisome life. I can understand an existence so wonderful that the soul is lost as if while dreaming."

"Lost! What do you mean by that?"

"To be unfitted for a freer, nobler, more beautiful life—gradually to grow sick and sorrowful, to stay in darkness, because the eyes of the soul can no longer bear the true light; to be poor, weary, and forsaken—that is what I call being lost."

"And can Woldemar be lost in that way?" She spoke eagerly, and looking full upon him.

"He, too, unless he be saved by the hand of that one angel, who still visibly walks the earth—the hand of Love."

"Could the love of a woman really save a man's soul?"

"It does so, a thousand times, and thus fulfils its highest mission."

"The highest?"

"In the Christian sense, at least—not in the worldly. In the

worldly sense, a woman wishes by her love to make happy, and to be happy; but, in the higher sense, she sacrifices herself to save another. She is then a martyr of that love of which Thomas à Kempis says, that it purifies the heart of all selfish desires, makes it whole within, strong in patience, and steadfast in hope. Not the old Christians alone numbered their martyrs—in our days they still walk upon the earth."

"Do you admire such martyrs as you do those?"

"Sometimes even more," was the answer.

"But to make happy, and to be happy, is surely the more beautiful," said Elfrieda, hesitatingly.

"I think so, too," said her companion, with a smile; "but women are never so dazzled by any worldly ornament as by an aureole. They think that more becoming than the rose-garland of happiness."

"And what do you think?" asked the young girl, a roguish smile flitting over her sweet face. But, before he could reply, they had reached the edge of the forest, where the others awaited their coming.

After this conversation, Elfrieda seemed often absent-minded and perplexed, and, in her next letter to her cousin, she wrote on a separate slip of paper the question, which of the women of the Bible he most admired.

The artist's answer made the young girl so angry that she tore the letter in a thousand pieces. It ran:

"I will confess the exact truth, without fearing the displeasure of my sweetest little cousin, that I prefer, to all the well-known holy women, that one—called a sinner, the fairest of the fair—Mary Magdalene. Fortunately, Correggio was of the same opinion, and Correggio passed for a very pious man."

It was clear as sunlight that Cousin Woldemar belonged to the totally lost souls, and must be saved. What would her father have thought?

"Why do you not read us your cousin's letter?" asked the mother that evening, as they sat together in the parlor.

"Because such scribbling is best burned up, and that is what I have done with it."

Her father raised his mild eyes from his paper, the mother let fall her knitting.

"You have burned Woldemar's letter! Why in the world—?"

"Because he talked such absurd and foolish stuff," and Elfrieda smoothed her hair nervously in remembrance of Mary Magdalene.

"If that is so, you ought not to write to him any more," said her father, quietly.

"Oh, no, papa! It is not so bad as that!" she answered, in embarrassment; "but he has been teasing me. He is not a bit good, and I meant so well toward him, and—indeed, I must write to him, for I am the only one in all his world who ever speaks a good serious word to him."

"Well, let it go, then; but I beg you to show us his letters in future, before you burn them."

"Yes—I will surely not do it again, papa." At this moment Elfrieda's eyes fell upon her sister, whose face was turned fully toward her. Anna's always busy hands were still, a cloud rested on her brow, and Elfrieda caught a look of searching anxiety and trouble. The young girl involuntarily stepped forward, asking hurriedly, "Are you angry with me, Anna?"

A quick flush overspread the beautiful face, and Anna pushed away Elfrieda's outstretched hand.

"Let us have done with this endless questioning. I was not thinking of you!"

She rose and left the room; but, entering a little while afterward, her face was calm as ever, and she smoothed her young sister's hair as if in token of reconciliation, meeting her eyes with a smile so tender that Elfrieda assured herself that only her own emotion had made the shadow of sorrow and care mount to this brow.

After this, Elfrieda wrote more seldom to Woldemar, but she began to keep a diary, like all the young girls in the magazine-stories. To Anna's astonishment, she often sat for a long time at night, in the attitude of a thoughtful muse, with her pen in her hand, before the unwritten leaves, and, after her most intense meditation, not a single page would be filled. She had so little variety of daily experience, and it was really frightful to see how absurd those fancies seemed, when written down, which had been so fascinating as they floated through her brain. So it happened that Elfrieda often tore out a leaf from her diary, and always locked it carefully, in terror, lest Anna, or

the mamma at Langenau, might some time cast a glance into it. She knew, too, how cheaply her old friend estimated such girlish records, calling them the best medium for cheating and deceiving one's self courteously. And he, Walter Heimburg himself—she could imagine his astonished smile, if he were to look into the mysterious book. This thought drove the blood to her cheeks. At all events, his name should not appear in it. He did not trouble himself about *her*, neither would she for *him*. And, indeed, she had nothing to write of him, for she scarcely saw him any more; and that she was sad, very sad about it, that she would never set down in plain letters—even her own eyes should not read that!

Cousin Woldemar, on the contrary, furnished inexhaustible material for the diary. Since he had come back, and the forest-rambles were begun anew, there was no more trouble about empty pages. How often Anna looked for a moment over her shoulder, and then, taking the inkstand away, sent the little journalist to bed. Why did a sight of the diary always make Anna so impatient? Could she not endure even the *written* name of her cousin? For, surely, she must know that it was written there.

"Get a diary for yourself," said Elfrieda. "It is really very profitable, and I understand, now, why the book-ladies so revel in diaries. One first learns to know one's self thoroughly by the aid of such a mirror."

"Do you think so? I am afraid that your real face will never look out of *this* mirror," laughed Anna.

Elfrieda was more dissatisfied with her cousin than ever. He gave her no opportunity for that serious conversation from which she hoped so much for his salvation, and had that way, which always vexed her so much, of turning aside the most earnest questions with a jest. Then, too, he seemed often restless and preoccupied, or sad and dejected. The diary had but one explanation of such conduct—he was in love. But with whom? Some lady of the outside world? Very unlikely. He could not love Anna, who visibly avoided him, and was colder and more repellent than ever; and the diary was firmly convinced that the unhappy young man must be pining for little Elfrieda. The most interesting thing in the real world, or in books, had transpired—a passion unreturned, a manly heart glowing with secret devotion, and a maiden with a hand full of compassion. It was a pleasant and profitable diversion, amid all her secret trouble at the coldness of her Langenau friends, to fill pages about the willing self-sacrifice of a woman's heart.

Meeting Frau Heimburg unexpectedly one day, she could not help falling upon her neck for very joy; but the old lady received the strange greeting idly, and asked her how she came to be wandering about by herself.

"With whom should I go?" said the young girl, in confusion. "The others have no time."

"The others? Not your future bridegroom?"

A hot glow shot over Elfrieda's face—she could not utter a syllable, and was scarcely able to refrain from bitter weeping.

Fortunately, Walter Heimburg came up with her father, and she could slip away, unnoticed, and weep in silence. She wished to detail all this minutely in her diary, but not a word of it could she force from her pen that night. So she told herself, instead, how busy Woldemar had been that afternoon, that he soon would be going away again, and that she dreaded the winter, and did not care to think of Christmas at all.

The time of Woldemar's departure was at hand, and the artist begged Elfrieda to go with him once more into the forest. The day was strangely beautiful—that enchanting blending of summer and autumn, of sunshine and blue atmosphere, and the forest stood robed in all the brilliant dyes of the season. But Woldemar seemed to have no eyes for all this glory. He threw his portfolio upon the grass, and, reclining under an old beech-tree, he said:

"Sit down opposite me, in the clear light, Elfrieda. Play at forest-queen once more, and let us talk. I have much—much in my heart. How long it will be before we shall see each other again! Who knows what may happen? And to-day I would gladly tell every thing—ask—confess—"

The young girl sat down. The sunlight played upon her hair through the tremulous, translucent roof of leaves. She seemed strange to herself—half-anxious, half-curious—she thought of her diary. Was it coming now—the noblest experience of a woman's life—a real declaration of love?

"Is your soul so burdened?" she asked, softly, with downcast eyes.

Perhaps he would himself turn the conversation to Mary Magdalene, and then she could chide him soundly by way of supplement.

"Oh, no! Not my *soul*—only my *heart*," was the answer. "Who can tell how we shall meet again? I am standing now at a cross-way, and am as fearful to go forward as a child in the dark."

"How can we meet other than as we part? You will find me unchanged when you come back."

He raised his eyes and looked long at her. She had spoken warmly. How beautiful she was at that moment! How delicate and *spirituelle* the small head! How lovely the drooping eyelashes! How charming the rosy mouth and glowing cheeks! A thought flashed through his brain. Was it possible that this bright creature loved him?

And, as Woldemar Wellen was a man, he answered his own question with, "It cannot be otherwise!" He stretched his hand to the young girl.

"Will you really be kind to me when I come back, Elfrieda? Will you keep just a little sunshine for me? I need it more than any one else, I think."

"How strangely you speak, Woldemar! I have so much time to think about you, and to be glad that you are coming—"

"And no one else will be glad, I know. For Anna—"

"What of Anna?"

The young man sat a moment in silence, with compressed lips.

"No, she is the coldest being in all the world," he murmured. "She will never think of me, never speak of me. She will marry some prince, and the whole world will admire her."

Elfrieda burst into a merry laugh.

"Cousin, you are dreaming! Would a prince ever wander here?

That only happens in the stories. Anna never has thought of such things—it is only I who, when a child, was always seeing myself a duchess. But even with me that is long gone by, and Anna was always much too sensible for such fancies, though she would have liked for once to look beyond the mountains. And because my sister does not like you, dear cousin, you must not think ill of her. Anna was always a very pious girl, and you know, dear cousin, with your soul—"

She looked expectantly at her *vis-à-vis*. He could not escape her. She had come at last to her darling theme. Gloomy and silent, he sat staring at her. Her heart smote her in pity. She arose, knelt down beside him, laying her little finger-tips softly on his shoulder, and said, gently:

"Do not be too sorrowful, Woldemar. Perhaps a hand will yet come to save you and make you happy again."

"It is well that other women are not like you, Elfrieda," he said, with a melancholy smile. "We men of the world should begin to love in the old idyllic fashion—and that would be sad, indeed, drawing in its train general financial disorder and the gravest revolutions of state."

She raised her eyes, and gazed at him like some startled wild creature. Was the declaration coming now? She suddenly wished herself a hundred miles away.

"Fie! How frivolously you are talking again, just as in your letter about the 'Magdalene!'" she said, uneasily. "The only salvation of all sick and perplexed souls grows out of true love, and you—"

"Yes, love were my only salvation, but love which should come to me fully and freely. It is very likely that all might go well with me yet if I were loved as I love. But that is over with—nobody loves me. Is not that sad, and at the same time ridiculous?"

Was this the decisive moment? Should she say to him now, "I will save and—love you?"

An icy flood seemed closing round her heart. For the world she could not have opened her lips. And yonder, in the thicket, did not the pale face of the pastor of Langenau arise, and gaze at her with sad, reproachful eyes?

She arose in haste.

"Come, we must go home. Mother will be waiting coffee."

He obeyed silently. The confession was unmade. They walked quietly side by side. Mechanically Woldemar stooped to pluck here and there a late wild-flower or a little autumn-painted twig.

But Elfrieda had forgotten, this time, her wonted occupation. Never had so many conflicting emotions filled her heart. An intense longing possessed her for the gentle eyes of the dear old mother of

the Langenau parsonage. How often she had told her all her girlish fancies, her foolish dreams, and, when the confession was ended, the soft hand was laid upon her forehead, and the mild lips whispered, "Darling child!" Only once more to hear those words! She seemed to herself so old and helpless she could have wept aloud for herself and for that foolish Woldemar, who cared more to be loved than saved.

At the edge of the wood the painter stood still.

"It is a poor sorry, little nosegay that I have gathered, Elfrieda," he said; "poor and sorry as my own heart; yet take it from me, in memory of this strange hour when I would have said so much to you, and said nothing. I lack the courage to leave, and yet I know that I cannot stay, because no one will say to me 'Stay!'"

She took the flowers mechanically, but her hand trembled and her face was pale.

"I am very, very sorry, for your sake," she answered, softly, after a pause, with downcast eyes, "more I cannot say."

The artist's eyes rested admiringly upon the sweet, girlish face. Poor little one! There was no doubt of it—she loved him! He felt a momentary blending of gratitude and triumph.

"Keep this sweet pity for me," he entreated, involuntarily encircling with his arm the delicate form.

One moment her head sunk upon his shoulder, her curling hair swept his cheek.

"Pity? Oh, yes, much—much pity!" she breathed; then she tore herself away, and hurried toward the house.

It was already dusk when Woldemar returned to the parsonage. He paused in the grape-arbor to look in for the last time upon the little illuminated paradise which he must leave before daybreak tomorrow.

How peaceful was the scene! The lamp-light fell on the pastor's white hair and on his faithful wife's sweet face, framed in her snowy cap. Elfrieda sat, as usual, beside her father on the sofa. One slender hand lay on his shoulder, but her bent head leaned against the wall; her face, half-turned away, wore a pained expression; and her eyes were closed, as if she feared to let the thoughts be read which stirred her heart.

"Poor little one!" thought Woldemar.

Anna sat in the full light, her hands nervously busy with her work, but now and then she raised her head and looked with a restless, dreamy expression toward the door. But when Woldemar entered she did not look up, but her fair head bent lower over her work. The old, familiar tone was gone to-night from the Grünheim parsonage. Elfrieda, always so gay, was silent. The Heimbürgs, who had been expected, did not come. Anna sung but little; her voice seemed veiled, and yet Woldemar thought it had never been sweeter. But when, at his request, she ended with the song—

"To-morrow my love will leave me,
My love so gallant and bold—
The birds in the wood are singing,
With voices manifold!"

no one seemed able to speak again. The old pastor admonished them of the hour for rest, and thus they parted, for the young painter would leave before dawn without disturbing any one. How heart-felt were the parents' parting words! But it was strange that he only took Anna's hand in silence, and pressed it to his lips. How pale the beautiful girl grew at that moment! Elfrieda was almost frightened. Doubtless Anna repented having been so unkind to her cousin. What a pity that it was now all too late!

"I shall write soon," he whispered to Elfrieda, as he pressed her little hand.

Woldemar Wellen left his New Sesenheim before daybreak, in order to reach the nearest station in time. As he went slowly along the dark path, while the servant strode on before with his luggage, he felt a sudden, soft touch on his arm, and, as he turned, warm fingers pressed a rose into his hand, and a voice, choked with tears, whispered, "Farewell!"

Who spoke this word?

Before he could recover himself, the figure, whose outlines he could not distinguish, had vanished in the door-way, and only the sweet perfume of the flower assured him that he had not dreamed.

It was Elfrieda—poor child!

Eight days had passed since her cousin's departure before Elfrieda received his first letter. She had awaited it with strange anx-

iety. How many times had she gone to meet the letter-carrier on the road to Langenau! How would it sound, this first letter, after the scene in the forest, which she could not yet remember without heart-throbs? What could he confess to her, but the one thing—that he loved her, and that she must save him? But the thought of this "saving," which seemed so easy a little while ago, grew harder and harder, till it lay like a stone upon her young heart. Again and again she had knocked at the door of the Langenau parsonage, firmly resolved to confess to her dear old friend all her fear, her folly, and unrest; but, when she met the clear, gentle eyes, no words came to her lips. What would Walter think of her, to whom she had once said, in her self-exaltation, that she would gladly save a soul by the sacrifice of herself? It seemed to her that his glance often sought her with strange searching, and she felt the hot blood mount to her cheeks as she was reminded of her father's look, when as a child she had tried to hide any thing from him.

The letter came, and she held it fast in her trembling hands, gazing at seal and superscription as if both were strange to her.

At last she tore open the envelope and read:

"You will expect a full explanation, Elfrieda, and yet I feel I can confess only one thing: I can and will live no longer as I am. Since I am thrust out of paradise, for your atmosphere—I know it now—had become to me the air of paradise, I must help myself as best I can. The love for which I longed will never be for me, and so I have concluded, not to shoot myself, but to marry. In a week more, if no sweet voice recall me, I shall lay my life at the feet of a lady who thinks she loves me, and shall be neither happier nor unhappier than a thousand others. Do not give yourself pain about my soul, dear little seeress of the wilderness, for it is and will be irrevocably lost away from—New Sesenheim.

"WOLDEMAR."

Anna was standing at the window of her chamber when Elfrieda rushed in upon her with Woldemar's letter still in her hand. Her face was hot with blushes, and bathed in tears. She trembled, and embraced her sister with passionate affection.

"He has had a call away from Langenau—far, far away, papa says—and he is going to accept it, and Woldemar has written—only read it, Anna, I beg of you! He will be lost—he will do himself wrong, and marry a lady whom he does not love. He *must* be saved, and I—O God! I cannot do it now or ever if they go away from Langenau!"

In the midst of her confused utterances she pressed Woldemar's letter into Anna's hand.

"You cannot save him—you, Elfrieda?" asked Anna, pale and almost voiceless. "And yet you love him?"

"No, no, a thousand times no! I should be wretched, and he, too. I thought it very easy to be a martyr, but I am only a silly, selfish creature. He is right to go away and forget me!"

"He! Compose yourself, Elfrieda. Who?"

"Walter Heimbürg! I shall die if he leaves me alone."

A sudden light illuminated Anna's face. She bent down and kissed her sister again and again.

"Be comforted, poor child," she said, tenderly, with a radiant smile. "He shall be saved, and, if you will not do it, why, then, I must."

"You? O Heaven! you might have done it, but you have hated him so—"

"Because, at first, I was afraid to love a man who thought so ill of women, and afterward because I thought you loved him."

"And *that* was the reason you were so hard toward him? O God! how strange it all is! If I only knew how he—"

"I was harder to myself than to him. And I knew that he loved me, for, before he went away the last time, he wrote to me. I left his letter unanswered for your sake. Do you understand it all now, little Elfrieda?"

A few hours later Elfrieda sat at the feet of her motherly friend, and had no wish more. A letter had just been dispatched, refusing the call to L—. Walter Heimbürg would remain at Langenau. The old dame's hand lay on the young girl's fair brow, and her lips uttered, between smiles and tears, the words Elfrieda had so longed to hear, "My darling child!"

And somebody else was there, who held the little warm hands

fast, and as Elfrieda, radiant with bliss, looked into his eyes, she wondered at two things—that Walter Heimburg looked so remarkably like papa, and that mere human happiness could be so sweet.

Meanwhile, another letter was flying over hill and valley to a lonely one. It contained only the words: "Come, Woldemar, to thine Anna."

He came? And were there in all the world happier mortals than at New Sesenheim and Langenau?

But, on the day of her future mother-in-law's arrival, Elfrieda burned her diary.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ON GUARD.

SUDDENLY the ill-matched companions were startled by a terrible uproar in the back yard—the deep, angry growl of a dog was followed by the scampering rush of two animals in a short, mad chase, and then the cries of inarticulate distress, which dumb beasts can occasionally utter in their own behalf, fell painfully on the ear. Mingled with these came a Babel of sound—men shouting, women running, cries, commands, and undistinguishable confusion—in the midst of which a panting little negro rushed to the dining-room door.

"Mistiss, Rollo's caught the calf, and Uncle Jake says as how he's goin' to tar it to pieces!"

"Good Gracious!" cried Mrs. Marks, in consternation. "What did he let the dog catch it for! What will your master say! Tell him to beat him—do any thing to make him let go! I always told Mr. Marks he better not bring that bull-dog here," she added, as the child darted away. "I knew he was sure to do mischief—Goodness! what awful sounds!—Mrs. Annesley, if you'll excuse me, I'll—"

The sentence was not finished, and Mrs. Annesley had no opportunity to reply. The uproar grew worse, and Mrs. Marks followed the example of the rest of the household—she flew to the scene of action.

If the victim of Rollo's unreasoning fury had been a child instead of a calf, it is to be feared that Mrs. Annesley would equally have regarded the episode in the light of a fortunate and providential relief. The instant that the last flutter of Mrs. Marks's dress had vanished down the passage, she opened the door that led out upon the side-piazza, crossed it, and the next moment was walking rapidly down the garden-path.

She was so lightly and delicately shod that her step made very little sound on the smooth gravel, and St. John, who was comfortably smoking his cigar in a sheltered nook—waiting, as Mrs. Annesley had shrewdly suspected, for the departure of the carriage—was completely taken by surprise when, without any warning, this elegant figure stood before him.

Instinctively he took the cigar from his lips, and rose to his feet. This was not Mrs. Marks, but none the less was it somebody much more at home in the garden than he had any right to be. Therefore, the first words that formed on his lips were words of apology for his presence there.

"Excuse me," he said. "I fear I am a trespasser; but I am waiting to see Mrs. Marks."

Mrs. Annesley bowed graciously, and, instead of retreating, swept a step nearer.

"Mrs. Marks is occupied just now," she said, "and I came out to look at the garden. Don't disturb yourself, I beg. I shall not interrupt you. Mr. Marks told me something about a new perennial," added she, glancing round. "Don't let me trouble you, but pray do you chance to know where it is?"

St. John smiled, and replied in the negative.

"I am a stranger," he said, "and this is the first time I have ever ventured to invade Mrs. Marks's garden. I am sorry that I cannot tell you any thing about the perennial."

"You have no idea where it is?"

"I have not the least idea where it is."

Mrs. Annesley gave a little sigh of resignation.

"Such a pity!" she said, and, as she said it, she ran her eye with apparent carelessness, but with really keen attention, over St. John's person.

The result of her observation was discouraging. Despite all that Mrs. Gordon had told her, and despite her own distrust of the man, she could not believe that it would be expedient or even possible to approach him with any overtures of bribery. Adventurer though he was—sharper though he might be—he at least bore all the outward semblance of a gentleman; and, as he stood before her—perfectly self-possessed, notwithstanding the equivocal position which he occupied, and lightly holding his cigar between two fingers as he returned her scrutiny—she felt as much at a loss how to address him as she had before felt at a loss how to reach him. It was hardly wonderful. This man was so different—in every particular so essentially different—from the man her fancy had created, that the discrepancy in itself startled her.

As she hesitated, St. John, on his side, had time for observation and consideration. The perennial excuse had not deceived him. He had seen at a glance that this fine lady—whoever or whatever she might be—had come into the garden to meet himself. At first he had supposed that her motive might have been one of mere curiosity; but, as she still kept her place in front of him, as he felt her keen black eyes reading his face, and, as he saw the doubt unconsciously stamped upon her own face, an instinct of her real purpose came over him.

"There is something she wants to get out of me," he thought. "Well, let her try. It will be strange if in the end I don't succeed in getting considerably more out of her than she thinks of or bargains for!"

"Perhaps there is something else I can do for you," he said, as she remained silent for some time.

Mrs. Annesley started a little, and recovered herself.

"There is nothing, thank you," she said. "I won't disturb you any longer. Good-day."

She bowed slightly, and walked away—three steps. Then she paused, and, turning back, spoke again.

"Perhaps there is something I can do for you," she said. "Am I not right in supposing that it has been my presence which has kept you from seeing Mrs. Marks? Shall I be obliging, and take my departure?"

"I could not presume to ask such a thing," answered he, bowing gravely.

"It would not be very much of a presumption," answered Mrs. Annesley, smiling graciously. "A friend of Mrs. Marks—you are a friend of Mrs. Marks, I suppose?"

"I scarcely think it probable that Mrs. Marks would allow me to claim that honor."

Mrs. Annesley arched her eyebrows and looked around the garden. Plainly she meant to say, "Not a friend of Mrs. Marks, and yet here I!"

The coolness of the glance amused St. John, and he answered it more on account of this amusement than because there was any absolute necessity for doing so.

"Under these circumstances, you are surprised to see me here?" he said. "But I think that, when I explain the reason of my presence to Mrs. Marks, she will not regard my intrusion as unpardonable."

"I am sure Mrs. Marks is always glad to receive Miss Tresham's friends," said Mrs. Annesley, using the very words which Mrs. Marks herself had used that morning—the words which had encouraged St. John to return and endeavor to learn from her something more than he had been able to glean from her husband. The coincidence struck him, and, together with the unsuspected sound of Katharine's name, made him look sharply at the speaker.

"Excuse me," he said. "I do not understand."

But, as it happened, Mrs. Annesley had grown tired of this aimless fencing, and, besides, she had not time for it. At any moment Mrs. Marks might come in search of her, and the opportunity she had been so anxious to secure would thus be hopelessly lost. Making a rapid calculation for and against success, she decided to close at once with her slippery opponent.

"Excuse me," she said, with a smile. "I fancied that I was speaking to Mr. St. John."

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The smile told St. John infinitely more than the words. There was a shade of malicious meaning in it, which, under the circumstances, was far from wise, but which Mrs. Annesley would have found it hard to control. It was so pleasant to turn the tables on him in this style—so pleasant to show him, in three words, how well she knew every thing about him! But still, it was a blunder. It put St. John on his guard, and it made him set his teeth and think: "Confound the woman! What devilry has she got in her head?" It galled him, too; but he had a very good armory of his own at command, and from it he immediately selected his favorite weapon of covert mockery.

"I am deeply flattered," he said, with a bow. "I had no idea that my name had been fortunate enough to attain any degree of notoriety. I do not think that I have the pleasure of an acquaintance with yourself, madam."

"You have probably never heard of me," said Mrs. Annesley, quietly. "I am a person of no consequence whatever—out of my own family. It has merely chanced that I have heard of you," she went on. "Mrs. Marks is very much attached to Miss Tresham, and, in speaking of her, she mentioned your name to me. I also am a friend of Miss Tresham's," said the mistress of Annesdale, with a virtuous expression of face, "and as such, I am glad to meet you—glad to be able to say a few words to you, if you will allow me to do so."

"I am at your service."

"Let us sit down, then. Since you are kind enough not to consider me impertinent, I should like to be very frank with you. I am generally frank with everybody. Experience has shown me that it is so much the best way."

They sat down. Just behind the short bench from which St. John had risen, was a wall of running ivy; on each side rose tall shrubs, which, although bare, still made a seclusion of the little nook. Regarded from a short distance, the two figures, who had the nook to themselves, might easily have passed for a pair of lovers. Considered, as they actually were, they much more resembled two adroit chess-players, who sat down equally matched to a game in which skill and care could alone determine the result. Mrs. Annesley made the first move—St. John contenting himself with keen watchfulness and attention.

Said the lady: "I must begin what I have to say, by explaining why I say it. I know Miss Tresham quite well, and"—a gulp—"like her very much. You can imagine my surprise, therefore, when I heard from Mrs. Marks that she has left her late home in a very sudden and mysterious manner, and that it is more than doubtful whether she will be received again when she returns."

St. John started. This was certainly news to him. Mrs. Annesley noted the start, and went on:

"I think it right to tell you, Mr. St. John, that the ground on which Miss Tresham will be dismissed from Mrs. Marks's house when she returns, is that of her connection with yourself. Mr. Marks has finally decided that unless a satisfactory explanation of this connection is given, he cannot retain Miss Tresham as a governess. Now, as a friend of Miss Tresham's, will you allow me to ask if it does not occur to you that it is your duty to remove the cloud from Miss Tresham's name by at once making this explanation?"

"You have set me an admirable example of candor, madam," said St. John. "Do not be offended if I follow it, and, imitating your frankness, ask if it does not occur to you that it is quite impossible for you to judge of the affairs of people who are strangers to you?"

"I thought I had explained that Miss Tresham is not a stranger to me."

"Evidently she is a stranger so far as regards her confidence, or else you would not need to make this appeal to me."

"You do not intend to heed the appeal, then?"

"Imitating your frankness again, I must decline to answer that question."

"Because I am not personally concerned in the matter?" asked Mrs. Annesley, resolutely resolved to keep her temper under any provocation.

"Yes—because I am unable to perceive that you have any personal interest in the matter."

"Suppose that I assume—that, if necessary, I am willing to prove to you—that I have an interest in the matter, that I have a personal reason for wishing to clear up the mystery around Miss Tresham, will you still refuse to give me the explanation?"

"I regret to say that I am compelled to do so."

"Do you not take Miss Tresham herself into consideration—her character? Do you not appreciate how badly this reticence looks—for her?"

St. John only smiled. Evidently, if it had been courteous to do so, he would have shrugged his shoulders, and said, "What is that to me?" As it was, his face said it for him, and Mrs. Annesley read his face. That instant she shifted her ground.

"I am anxious to obtain certain items of information about Miss Tresham," she said; "items which can harm neither her nor any one else. Do you know any one who, for a liberal reward would show me how to obtain these?"

She looked steadily at St. John, and St. John returned her gaze without the quiver of an eyelash.

"I do not know any one whom you could employ for such a purpose," he answered.

"No one at all?"

"No one at all."

Mrs. Annesley rose from her seat, and drew her shawl gracefully around her.

"It is growing chilly," she said, "I must go in. I regret to have disturbed you, Mr. St. John. Pray, don't let me disturb you further—pray, don't get up. I suppose it is quite useless to look for that perennial. Good-day."

A bow on both sides, and they separated. The worsted player retired with all the dignity she could summon to her aid; but, as she swept slowly down the garden-walk, she struck one gloved hand angrily against the other.

"I went to work wrong," she thought. "Some way or other, I went to work wrong! The consequence is, that this wretch has completely baffled me, and that I am not an inch nearer to my end than I was before."

As for St. John, the first thing he did, when he was alone, was to relight his cigar, and the second was to indulge in a laugh of properly-subdued tone.

"Oh, these women! these women!" he said to himself. "How is it that the devil teaches them so much cunning, and yet lets them overreach themselves so completely? Well"—with a long puff—"this has certainly been something that I did not bargain for—a little dash of intrigue that I did not expect in coming to look up my respectable friend who asks me to tea. I fancy Mrs. Gordon is not the only person now who has discovered the identity of R. G. After this, I can put my hand on the writer of the advertisement and the letters whenever I choose. I have two things yet to find out, however—first, her name; and, secondly, her motive."

A thought struck him. He rose from his seat, walked to the garden-gate, let himself out, and sauntered down the road to where Mrs. Annesley's carriage stood, with Mrs. Annesley's coachman and footman in attendance. Stopping to admire the horses, he easily fell into conversation with the servants, and in five minutes had learned every thing that he wished to know. No human being was ever so fond of boasting as the family-negro of the old *regime*, and Mrs. Annesley's servants were no exception to the general rule. No sooner was it evident that St. John was a stranger, than their tongues were loosed on the glories of Annesdale and of the Annesley family. Mistis and mistiss's various splendors, Mass Morton, and Mass Morton's horses and dogs, were the favorite topics—the last especially; and St. John, who never forgot any thing, had no difficulty in identifying this much vaunted "Mass Morton" with the Mr. Annesley whom he had met in the grounds of Annesdale. Every thing was so clear to him that he could have laughed to himself as he stood on the sidewalk smoking his cigar, and listening lazily, as John and Peyton by turns descanted on the absorbing subject. It was quite a shock to Mrs. Annesley when she came out and found him there.

"Mr. St. John!" she said, haughtily, and drew back as he came forward with the manifest intention of assisting her into the carriage.

"I have been admiring your horses, Mrs. Annesley," said St. John, smiling. "They do credit to your taste. Will you allow me?"

On second thoughts, she allowed him to put her into the carriage; and, when she was seated, looked up and spoke.

"If you will take my advice, you will consider what I said to you a short time ago. It might be worth your while. I need not tell you where you will find me if you desire to communicate with me."

He bowed—making no other answer to the covert sneer in her last words—and, as he stepped from the door, the carriage drove off.

When it was out of sight, he turned, and, opening the gate, walked up to the house. Mrs. Marks had accompanied Mrs. Annesley to the front piazza, and was still standing there when he approached. In the first sound of her voice, in the first word which she spoke, he saw that a change had come over her—that she had been placed on guard against him. She answered his questions courteously; but there was none of the hearty cordiality of the morning in her manner, and she did not ask him to enter the house. After finding that her ignorance about Katharine was quite as complete as it had been represented, he had no alternative but to take his leave. Before doing so, however, he received a piece of information which startled him a little. He thought that it might be as well to verify on indisputable evidence the facts which the servants had given him, and so he said, carelessly:

"Will you allow me to inquire if the Mrs. Annesley who has just left is related to the young gentleman of the same name whom I saw here a few hours ago?"

"She is his mother," answered Mrs. Marks—adding, involuntarily, "and the cousin of Mrs. Gordon."

"Indeed!" said St. John, starting quickly.

After this, he asked no more questions, but made his apologies, and took his leave almost immediately. As he walked down the street, the few people who met him and looked curiously at him, saw that he was deeply absorbed in thought. In fact, he was revolving what he had just heard, and considering what it meant.

"Mrs. Gordon's cousin," he repeated to himself. "What the deuce is the meaning of it all! Shall I never get to the end of all the strings and counter-strings which seem to be pulling these people to and fro?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JE HORGE.

IT is not well for a man to forsake his country and its characteristic traits. Moreover, when a man does so conduct himself, it is proper, if not a positive duty, for other people to recall him to a sense of what he is, and whence he came. These remarks are intended as an explanation of our addressing Ah Kong, who, though a stipendiary menial, is yet our guide, philosopher, and friend, by the title of Je Horge. Ah Kong has, singularly enough, a desire to be somewhat Americanized. This desire has, as yet, only manifested itself in his head, on which he wears a common felt hat; in his feet, which are now arrayed in the leather boots of our country, instead of in Chinese sandals; and in his change of name, George having been selected by him as a substitute for Ah Kong. As I have said, he Americanizes his name, and, in return, we Chineseify it, the result being that he is generally addressed as Je Horge.

Je Horge is an estimable Celestial. He is making rapid progress in music, combining the accomplishments of the Chinese school with the popular airs of the day. Cosmopolitan in music, as in dress, with a delicate sense of impartiality, he gives each school a fair show—he whistles American airs, and sings the songs of China. This variety is pleasing. Mornings when I write, and he is engaged in washing the windows of the room below, an occupation which the excessive dust of San Francisco renders frequently necessary, I hear "Kaiser, don't you want to buy a Dog," or "Moet and Chandon," whistled actively; and, just as I am becoming weary of the noise, Je Horge leaves off whistling, and sings some charming love-song of home. With Chinese singing in your ears, how can your writing fail to be inspired? Still, even Chinese singing hardly seems striking or novel here in San Francisco, where every street-pedler chants his wares. The strawberry-sellers have more varieties of airs to which they adapt the single word "Strawberries," than there are varieties of that fruit in the market; while there is an orange-vender with a superb voice, who every morning makes the street ring with his song. He begins in a sweet and melancholy strain, "Oh, oranges, sweet orange-es!" and there is a tender softness about the air that makes pleasing visions of sun, and trees, and flowers, from tropical climes, float before your eyes, and then, as the last prolonged notes linger plaintively on the ear, he changes to a conversational, but prosaic tone, thoroughly business-like, and remarks, "Four bits a dozen!" Is it fair, O Orange-seller, to

raise us and your golden fruit to such heights of poetic musing, and then suddenly wrench us out of our dream to the cruel bareness of the hard facts of life?

Je Horge's singing does not trouble me now. I have become accustomed to it, and, besides, my visit to the Chinese Theatre has made me listen to it with a feeling approaching gratitude; it might and would be so much worse if Je Horge were accompanied by an orchestra.

Je Horge's conversation is interesting. His accent is perfect in the few words of English which he knows. But, alas! those words are so few—so very few. It always seems to me that Je Horge is leading me unfairly into conversational depths for which I am unfitted. In this way I have grown to regard Je Horge somewhat as Socrates must have been looked upon by young Greeks whom he had previously worsted in argument. But Je Horge is enticing, and to his fascination I succumb. In an evil hour I let him see that I was curious to learn about Chinese life and habits, and since then he has shown me the Chinese elephant to such an extent that I feel at times like a godless Chinese youth of fast proclivities, and fairly expect to find a cue of long black hair springing from my head, and whacking upon my back as I walk the streets. I have visited gambling-houses and Chinese schools with Je Horge, and have marvelled at that national characteristic perseverance which led him on Monday night solemnly to lose his last week's wages, while on Tuesday, with equal immovability, he went through, with great diligence, the story of "Harry and Frank; or, Self-Denial," from the pages of the Fourth Reader. By adopting a guarded and non-committal manner with Je Horge, I flattered myself that he could lead me astray no more. Vain hope! When Je Horge pointed to a building ornamented with lanterns, and said, as I understood, that there was Chinese wrestling there, I walked up a flight of stairs with him, and, to my horror, found myself in a Chinese restaurant. It was the first imperfection in Je Horge's pronunciation that I had found, but I was partially consoled for the disappointment I felt in not seeing Chinese wrestlers, by Je Horge's announcement that the play at the theatre was to be particularly good on Saturday night, and I immediately declared that we would go together, so that I might have the benefit of his interpretation of it.

The Chinese Theatre is like a barn in the interior. Entrance to it is obtained through a long and dismal passage leading out of Jackson Street. This is the Chinese quarter of the city, and here you see this singular people, whose idleness is industrious, and whose frivolity is earnest, engaged in all sorts of commendable and objectionable amusements and occupations. Passing into the auditorium, which is bare and cheerless, a mere den, in fact, I saw the orchestra seated on the back of the stage. They were of all ages, the youngest being not more than six years of age. Any thing so infernal as the noise they made cannot be described by a human pen. It was a combination of clash and shriek, not only deafening, but dangerous; for, in the moments of wildest frenzy, the walls of the rickety old building fairly shook with the din. There was no curtain, and the actors all entered by a door on one side of the orchestra, and made their exits by another door on the other side.

I found Je Horge's services as interpreter invaluable. He regretted that we had entered so late, as thus we had missed witnessing the birth of the baby of Fan Kwi, a sight which, as he assured me, was intensely interesting. I told him that I regretted it quite as much as he.

Fan Kwi now entered. Why Fan Kwi should have painted his upper lip and the end of his nose a very bright white, I could not imagine, nor could Je Horge inform me. At Fan Kwi's entrance, the orchestra broke forth with redoubled fury, and Fan Kwi, in a dolorous strain, as utterly unmelodious as he could contrive to make it, informed the audience that his wife was quite as well as could be expected. This took him a long time, as he was very minute in his explanations. And then his wife appeared, and reiterated the same pleasing information.

Oh, the beauty of the wife of Fan Kwi! Who can sufficiently praise the lustre of her eyes, the vermilion of her lips, the clearly-defined smile which continued immovably on her face even in the most trying crises of dramatic action? And, if she was lovely when she stood still, what was she when she moved? Such an undulating creature I never saw before! She would put one foot forward, turned out as no female foot not Chinese could be, and then, with a curious writhe which undulated through the tips of her long and slender fingers, she would bring the other up to it; and thus she accomplished

a whole step. In one hand she held a shapeless doll-baby, which she managed much like a fan, and which, containing the necessary apparatus for making a noise in its little breast, was enabled at times to add to the general uproar.

After the exit of the wife of Fan Kwi, the father of Fan Kwi appeared. In the usual recitative, he informed the audience that he was a grandfather, and that he gloried in it. Then the wife of Fan Kwi reappeared, and a long, a very long, duet on the subject of the baby ensued. Finally, the white-nosed Fan Kwi reappeared. Yet, why should I murmur at his white nose? At Salt Lake City I saw a Mormon low comedian who had painted one-half of his face scarlet, and the other white, bisecting his countenance by a line of inky blackness, drawn from the roots of the hair to the end of the chin, running down the nose; and I did not complain. In justice, then, I must accept the nose of Fan Kwi.

Now came the dramatic action of the piece. On looking at his innocent child, Fan Kwi discovered a suspicious resemblance to a friend of the family's. On communicating this discovery to his wife, she became nervous, whereupon Fan Kwi killed the child. He gouged out its eyes, and stepped on it two or three times, until it seemed very much exhausted; and then he handed it very politely to his wife. That lovely creature looked at it, and immediately died. Her method of dying was, to say the least, peculiar. She fell rigidly back, taking care not to let her head touch the floor. The stage-manager ran to place a cushion under her head. She undid her hair, and then expired peacefully. Fan Kwi, struck by remorse, died also. The manager placed a cushion under his head, and the orchestra grew more and more energetic.

Now, although this was very evidently only the beginning of the play, and although Je Horge assured me that I really ought to stay and see more of the performance, I took my departure at what might have been an artistic conclusion of the whole matter. Whether Fan Kwi ever came to life again or not, I cannot say; for, on passing into the entry, all thought of his adventures was driven from my mind by a person who rushed in front of us, and began a wild oration in which he seemed to accuse us of being thieves and murderers.

Here beginneth the great Chinese tragedy. The person who so accosted Je Horge and myself was Kum Wang. Kum Wang is a respectable washer and ironer in San Francisco, and to Kum Wang did Je Horge owe the sum of two dollars and a half. Now, nickels have but recently been introduced to the Pacific coast—hitherto, the lowest recognized coin has been a bit, or silver dime—so that nickels were new, consequently bright in their lustre, and calculated to mislead, if not to deceive. To Je Horge I gave a two-cent piece of great refulgence, which he received with an effusive gratitude, quite overpowering to me. I did not know before then how low the human jaw could fall; but, when Je Horge was informed that it took five of these radiant coins to make one bit, I felt that I realized how far a face could be stretched. For some hours Je Horge was downcast, and I heard no melodies from him, either native or foreign. Then he appeared before me with a triumphant air, and said:

"Me payee Kum Wang."

I told him I was delighted to hear it. Alas! I made no allowance for the low williness of the nature of Je Horge. He had paid Kum Wang, but it was with the two-cent nickel of radiant brightness, and not with the proper coin. Kum Wang was more than satisfied at the time; but he soon discovered Je Horge's trickery, and here, in the entry of the Chinese theatre—a narrow, dingy, uncomfortable place, at best—he had seized upon him, and demanded satisfaction. It was not pleasant either for Je Horge or for myself. Kum Wang was a small man of more than ordinary Chinese volubility. His head drooped; he clasped his hands; he was pale; he almost wept as he described the value of the two dollars and a half which Je Horge should have paid him. Then followed a monologue on the nature and character of Je Horge. According to Kum Wang, Je Horge was the lineal descendant of animals whose names and natures I shall not particularize. The genealogy was in strict accordance with the theory of Mr. Darwin. After Kum Wang had finished, Je Horge began. If half of what Je Horge asserted were true, there never was such a monster existing before the present day as Kum Wang. For the sake of humanity in general, and San Francisco in particular, I refuse to believe the assertions of Je Horge.

This scene in the vestibule had already attracted many spectators, and seemed to be quite as interesting as the performance in the

theatre itself. A policeman—Hibernian to the core—appeared and added a new element to the scene. He did not disapprove of fighting; he only wished the combatants to move on, and intimated that he knew a quiet and retired spot near by, where the affair could be settled. With an alacrity which rather saddened me, Je Horge exclaimed:

"Me no fightee!"

On hearing these words, Kum Wang brandished aloft a large knife, and, without coming perceptibly nearer, announced his intention of killing Je Horge. No sooner had Je Horge heard these words than he turned and fled. Kum Wang then began another strophe, and I, rather weary of the affair by this time, made the best of my way home.

Still fearful of the vengeance of Kum Wang, Je Horge has not yet stirred forth from the house. Kum Wang has, undoubtedly, justice on his side; and the life of Je Horge, limited as it is at present to our kitchen and back yard, is rapidly becoming a burden. Still there is a sort of heroism in the manner in which Je Horge persists in not paying Kum Wang. I can hardly keep from believing that there is a matter of principle at the bottom of it all, so firmly and unflinchingly does Je Horge bear the burdens which dread of Kum Wang entails on him. Still, I can see the end. Kum Wang will obtain entrance to us in some unguarded moment; he will harangue us and Je Horge; Je Horge will not yield, and we shall be obliged to liquidate his debt. We are resigned to our fate. In the mean time we wait and admire the new traits which are daily developed in Je Horge.

FRED. W. LORING.

HERBERT SPENCER AND HIS PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEM.

THE position occupied in the world of thought by the subject of the present sketch, is no longer doubtful; he is placed in the foremost rank by the suffrage of the foremost men. Mr. Darwin, in his late work, speaks of Mr. Spencer as "our great philosopher;" Mr. J. S. Mill long since pronounced him "one of the most vigorous as well as boldest thinkers which English speculation has yet produced;" Mr. Lewes says, "He alone, of all British thinkers, has organized a philosophy;" and Dr. McCoish, in his late lectures in this city, recognized him as the master-spirit of the school to which he belongs. The influence of that school is thought by many to be mischievous, but few will deny that it represents the most advanced and powerful intellectual movement of the age. To have attained the leadership of such a movement, and to be the recognized author, in the present advanced state of knowledge, of a new *organon* of philosophy, broadly based in the sciences of Nature, involve such transcendent powers of mind, and such immense force of character, as abundantly to vindicate the remark of an eminent clerical teacher, himself an influential leader of advanced opinion, that "Spencer is king of the thinkers of this age."

Mr. Spencer's life has been quiet and uneventful, furnishing little material for biographic curiosity. Its course may be summed up in a few words: He was born in Derby, in 1820, and was an only surviving child. His father was a teacher, and directed his son's education with much judgment. At twelve years of age he left home to reside with an uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, with whom he studied mathematics and prepared for the profession of a civil engineer. This was his avocation for eight years, when the great railroad revulsion of 1845 threw him out of business, and he took to literature as a profession. He at first wrote extensively for the reviews, and then published the several volumes of miscellaneous works which are well known to the public.

In 1860 he commenced the publication of a "System of Philosophy," broader in its scope than any thing which had been previously undertaken. It was an attempt to organize our latest and highest knowledge of Nature, life, mind, and society, into a unified system. The time had come for bringing these great divisions of knowledge into closer relations. If the order of things around us is capable of being understood, such a system must be possible, for the oneness and grand interdependence of Nature are undeniable.

The great principle from which he started, and which guided the whole course of his inquiry, was that of progress, or the gradual un-

folding of the universe in time. The foundation of his philosophy is the law of Universal Evolution. The history of the solar system and of our own planet has been a history of progressive unfolding on a mighty scale. The career of every living thing is an evolution, and such has also been the career of the earth's historic life. Mind follows the law of life, and undergoes evolution, so that this principle gives us the deepest interpretation of mental philosophy. Humanity, as it consists of progressive elements, is also progressive. Knowledge, art, science, religion, civil institutions, and the whole social scheme, have exemplified the same principle of growth, or unfolding to a higher condition. Mr. Spencer maintains that all these changes have been governed by one great principle; and that, as all matter obeys the simple and universal law of Attraction, so all orders of existence, in the on-goings of time, are obedient to a universal Law of Evolution. Mr. Spencer has made it the great object of his life to trace out this law in its causes, conditions, limits, and in the varied phases of its manifestation, and this is the comprehensive purpose of his philosophical system. Because all things human are imperfect, that system, no doubt, has its imperfections; but that it brings us nearer than ever before to an understanding of the true order of things around us; and that, however incomplete as yet, it opens the great line of inquiry which the human mind must pursue in the coming centuries, can hardly be doubted by any who have given it the serious attention which so vast a subject demands. The Philosophy of Evolution is no vain or empty speculation. It has been foreshadowed for a century; its witnesses are on every hand; it is becoming more and more verifiable with every step of advancing knowledge; it is a philosophy which reconciles conflicting systems, which explains to us the past, which illuminates the present, and glorifies the future. If any think that we are here indulging in rhapsody, we appeal to the exposition itself. Four volumes of Spencer's system are now published. "First Principles" lays the foundation of the scheme, and works out the general law of evolution. The "Biology," in two volumes, applies the law to the world of life. In Volume I. of the "Psychology," the phenomena of mind are treated from the same point of view. By the parts thus already accomplished, the system may be fairly judged, and there is no hazard in saying it will rank among the noblest monuments of the intellectual genius of man. Any one who will take the trouble carefully to compare the four volumes of Jowett's "Plato," just published, with the four volumes of Spencer's philo-

sohy, will gain an impressive idea of the mighty advance that has been made in our knowledge of the order of the universe, while for the purpose of such a contrast no other modern work is at all comparable with that of Spencer.

This is no place to go into an exposition of Mr. Spencer's philosophy; but it is a fit opportunity to correct certain gross misrepresentations by which many have been prejudiced against examining it. Mr. Spencer's system has been charged with being atheistic and materialistic. We will here consider the first of these charges, and take up the second at a future time. Let it be observed that Mr. Spencer denies holding atheistic doctrines, and repeatedly condemns atheism as an absurd and an unthinkable view of the universe; but those who assume that they know more of his system than he knows himself,

insist that the obnoxious doctrine is nevertheless *there*. But, if not avowed, it must be inferred: What, then, are the grounds on which it is inferred that this scheme of doctrine is atheistic?

In constructing a system of philosophy, by which Mr. Spencer means an organized body of thought that shall represent the truth of the order of Nature, he was confronted at the outset with the problem of the legitimate bounds of inquiry. His first question was: Is it possible for man to know every thing? Are all the imaginings of the human mind equally valid? Is the realm of past speculation coextensive with the realm of legitimate knowledge? To these questions Mr. Spencer replies that, as man is finite, there is a limit to his power of knowing; that there is a sphere of knowable and verifiable truth, and a sphere beyond it where inquiry leads only to pseudo-knowledge—an ap-

pearance of knowledge without the reality. Obviously, if the human mind can waste its energies over fruitless speculations, and, transcending its due limits, can attain to a semblance of knowledge which may be mistaken for that which is real, it is of the highest possible moment to determine where this limit is to be found. The question was a practical one for Mr. Spencer; yet it had been already substantially settled—settled by a complete historic revolution of ideas.

It is a noteworthy fact, in the history of the advance of thought, that primitive opinions are often not only erroneous, but are the exact opposite of the actual truth; that they not only undergo modification, but total reversal. The earth, at first supposed to be flat, turned out to be round; it was at first believed to be stationary, it is now known to have various and rapid motions; it was believed to be recent in



HERBERT SPENCER.

origin, it is now found to have had a vast antiquity; the early notion was that man was descended from the gods, the latest notion is that he is derived from the humblest creatures. A like contrast exists between the earlier and the later views of what it is possible for man to know. In the infancy of speculation it was held that physical Nature cannot be understood, but that beyond Nature there is an ideal sphere to which reason can penetrate, and from which it can pluck forth the profoundest secrets of being. But, as the speculative faculty became disciplined, it was at length perceived that thought *can* comprehend the order of natural phenomena, and that a science of the phenomenal is therefore possible; while to get beyond phenomena into that transcendent sphere of pure truth, or absolute being, is impossible to the human faculties.

This is the position taken by Mr. Spencer in fixing the scope of his philosophical system. He accordingly prefixed to it an introductory argument of one hundred and twenty-three pages, entitled "The Unknowable," in which he circumscribes the philosophic ground, and indicates where inquiry, having real knowledge for its object, must ever stop. That limit is found to enclose only the phenomenal order of the universe. As man is finite, he can only know the finite; and by the very constitution of his faculties is debarred from penetrating the mysteries that are beyond it. Of matter in its kinds and properties, as masses and particles, elements and compounds; of force in its various affections, as heat, light, gravity; of mind, as manifested in the phenomena of feeling and thought, man can inquire and understand; but of the ultimate nature, essence, or cause of matter, force, or mind, he knows nothing—these things are buried in impenetrable mystery. Mr. Spencer maintains that this result follows from the very constitution of the mind and the quality of intelligence. What is it to know? To know, we have to know *something*; and, of course, we have to know it as this or that, as like something else, or different from something else. We know things by their contrasts and resemblances; that is, we know them in their relations to each other. All analysis of intelligence brings out this as its essential element, and the principle is designated the *relativity* of knowledge. Whatever transcends relations, and cannot be compared or classed; whatever is unrelated, unconditioned, or absolute, is, therefore, beyond our mental reach—is unthinkable and unknowable.

Fully to unfold this doctrine, and the reasons on which it rests, would take more space than can be at present allowed, and we are not here concerned as to whether it be a true or a false doctrine. What does concern us is, that it is the basis on which the charge of atheism is brought against Mr. Spencer's system.

To this it may be replied, first, the doctrine is not Mr. Spencer's—it has been long and extensively held by philosophers and theologians, so that, if it be atheism, half the thinking and religious world will have to be dragged into the abyss with him; and, second, the doctrine, as explicitly held by Spencer, falsifies the charge.

In the first place, then, be the doctrine, in its implications, what it may, it is not Mr. Spencer's, and he nowhere claims it as his own. All he has done is, to give a forcible and impressive exposition of it, and put it to the practical use of defining the sphere of his work. He had, in fact, no choice in the matter, for the principle had been arrived at by the general advance of intelligence, and nothing was left for him but to recognize it. The doctrine that knowledge is limited and relative, and that human thought cannot transcend it—that, "to know more, man must be more"—was recognized ages before Spencer was born, and had grown into a definitely-formulated and widely-accepted philosophical belief before he began to write.

No man has seen more clearly or deplored more eloquently that false pride of the human mind by which it has been led to scorn the field of its proper action, and spend itself in regions of futile and impossible inquiry, than Lord Bacon. He said: "The real cause and root of all the evils in science is this, that, falsely magnifying and exalting the powers of the mind, we seek not its true helps." And, again: "Man, the servant and interpreter of Nature, can only understand and act in proportion as he observes and contemplates the order of Nature; more he can neither know nor do." Locke also perceived the limitation of the human faculties—that there are things beyond it, to which access is forbidden—and to those who regarded this as a derogation from man's dignity he replied: "We shall not have much reason to complain of the narrowness of our minds, if we will but employ them about what may be of use to us, for of that they are very capable; and it will be an unpardonable as well as a childish peevishness if we

undervalue the advantages of our knowledge and neglect to improve it to the ends for which it was given, because there are some things set out of reach of it."

The doctrine thus explicitly enunciated in a general form centuries ago has been proclaimed by recent thinkers as an inevitable result of the analysis of the human mind. Sir William Hamilton maintains it as a fundamental tenet of his philosophy. He says: "To think is to condition, and conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possibility of thought. . . . The mind can conceive, and consequently can know only the limited. . . . It cannot transcend that sphere of limitation within and through which, exclusively, the possibility of thought is realized. . . . We admit that the consequence of this doctrine is, that philosophy, if viewed as more than the science of the conditioned, is impossible."

Dr. Mansel, Dean of St. Paul's, in his "Limits of Religious Thought," says: "The very conception of consciousness, in whatever mode it may be manifested, necessarily implies *distinction between one object and another*. To be conscious, we must be conscious of something; and that something can only be known as that which it is by being distinguished from that which it is not. But distinction is necessarily limitation; for, if one object is to be distinguished from another, it must possess some form of existence which the other has not, or it must not possess some form which the other has." When we attempt in thought to transcend the finite, the result arrived at, according to Dr. Mansel, is, not truth or knowledge, but constant confusion and contradiction. "The conception of the absolute and infinite, from whatever side we view it, appears encompassed with contradictions. There is a contradiction in supposing such an object to exist, whether alone or in conjunction with others; and there is a contradiction in supposing it not to exist. There is a contradiction in conceiving it as one, and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as many. There is a contradiction in conceiving it as personal, and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as impersonal. It cannot, without contradiction, be represented as active, nor, without equal contradiction, be represented as inactive. It cannot be conceived as the sum of all existence, nor yet can it be conceived as a part only of that sum."

Nor is this doctrine to be regarded as a mere speculation of a few erratic thinkers. Sir William Hamilton, whose acquaintance with the history of philosophic opinion has been excelled by no man in modern times, says: "With the exception of a few late absolutist theorists in Germany, this is, perhaps, the truth of all others most harmoniously reëchoed by every philosopher of every school." And among these he names Protagoras, Aristotle, St. Augustine, Boethius, Averroes, Albertus Magnus, Gerson, Leo Hebraeus, Melancthon, Scaliger, Francis Piccolomini, Giordano Bruno, Campanella, Bacon, Spinoza, Newton, Kant.

It would be sufficient to rest the case here, for Mr. Spencer may be well content with his company; and if it were stated with whom the opprobrium of this obnoxious charge is to be shared, there would be no complaint; but this is by no means the whole case. Even if the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, as held by Hamilton and Mansel, and taught from their text-books in half the colleges of the country, be an atheistic doctrine, it is not, as thus expounded, the belief of Mr. Spencer. As maintained by him, the principle is rescued from any such possible interpretation. Hamilton and Mansel hold that, beyond the relative, the human mind can find *nothing*. Their logic brings them to absolute negation. Mr. Spencer insists that this is a totally erroneous view—the result of incomplete analysis—and that the deep-est implication of the law of relativity necessitates a reverse conclusion; or, that The Unknowable is not a negation, but an absolute reality.

We cannot give his acute and masterly reasoning on this important point, but will state his conclusion: "Every one of the arguments by which the relativity of our knowledge is demonstrated distinctly postulates the positive existence of something beyond the relative. To say that we cannot know the absolute is, by implication, to affirm that there is an absolute. In the very denial of our power to learn *what* the absolute is, there lies hidden the assumption *that* it is; and the making of this assumption proves that the absolute has been present to the mind, not as a nothing, but as a something. . . . It is rigorously impossible to conceive that our knowledge is a knowledge of appearances only, without at the same time conceiving of a reality of which they are appearances; for appearance without reality is unthinkable."

able. . . . At the same time that by the laws of thought we are rigorously prevented from forming a conception of absolute existence, we are by the laws of thought equally prevented from ridding ourselves of the consciousness of absolute existence."

It is true, Mr. Spencer holds that the Infinite Power of which all things are the manifestations, as it transcends the knowable, can never be known; but are not Scripture and theology full of the same doctrine? The phrases, "Can man, by searching, find out God?" "A God understood would be no God at all;" "To think that God is, as we think Him to be, is blasphemy," are attestations of the common belief that we cannot know the Infinite Cause. For ages it has been customary to apply to the Supreme Being the terms Incomprehensible, Mysterious, Inscrutable, Unsearchable, until these terms have come to be actually employed as substantive titles of the Divine Being. What does this imply but that the Divine Nature cannot be known? Moreover, this view has prevailed increasingly in the ratio of man's increasing intelligence. In his lowest state, the god he worships may be a visible object; as he grows more intelligent, the conception of divinity becomes more abstract and spiritualized, until at last it passes all understanding. If, therefore, Mr. Spencer, rising to grander conceptions of the knowable universe than perhaps any other man has ever attained, is overwhelmed with the impossibility of forming any conception of its Infinite Cause, and chooses to mark his own sense of limitation and humility by designating the Supreme Power as The Unknowable, who shall assume to construe such a course as a denial of the Divine Being?

It is a profound mistake to suppose that Mr. Spencer's philosophy is a system of negation or denial; on the contrary, it is eminently a constructive and synthetic system. He is no iconoclast bent upon the demolition of men's cherished and sacred convictions; he cordially recognizes the soul of truth in these convictions, and builds upon it. So far from seeking to strike away the Supreme Object of religious faith, or to cast discredit upon the religious principle, he affirms the validity of both in the most unqualified and impressive manner. So far from regarding the religious feeling in man as baseless, transient, or unreal, he holds it to be an essential and indestructible element of human nature.

Mr. Spencer is as catholic in his sympathies as he is wide and clear in his perceptions, and, while his system takes no account of the dogmas of sects, at the very outset it affirms religion for humanity. And here again the world is probably destined to a complete reversal of one of its ancient and cherished beliefs. Hitherto religion has been held to consist in adherence to the ever-changing creeds by which faiths and sects have been separated, while but little value has been assigned to that which is common and essential to all; but with increasing enlightenment dogmatic differences will slowly disappear, and that which was at first unrecognized will at length become supreme. This tendency is already strongly marked among the better-instructed classes of society, and Mr. Spencer but gives it a final and permanent expression. It is the eminent claim of his system that it opens the way to a resolution and adjustment of the old and rankling antagonisms of belief. Searching for the deeper concords of truth, and habitually regarding man in all the elements of his unfolding, more than any other system that has ever appeared it is the philosophy of harmony and reconciliation.

E. L. YOUMANS.

FISHING OFF THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY.

THE rough line of sea-front extending from the entrance of the harbor of New York to the Capes of the Delaware, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, affords within its comparatively-limited space one of the choicest fishing-grounds in the world. For many generations the inhabitants occupying this somewhat desolate and isolated region of the Atlantic coast have made "fishing" a business; the ancestors of the present active generation found the sterile soil little adapted to agriculture, but the unprecedented abundance of Old Ocean was ever at the command of "easy industry," and thus the people always thrived, and in later days have made a great and most profitable business in supplying the surrounding population with fish.

By some law which governs the migrations of ocean-life, fish

which are more especially esteemed valuable for food in early spring seem to head toward the Jersey coast, and here they remain through the entire summer and late in the fall; in fact, it is not until the fresh airs of coming winter chill the shallow water that they seek the more genial regions of the South, or sink into the depths of the sea, below the influence of borean blasts. Thus it is that in the finest weather the great self-produced crop of fish is gathered.

The appliances of the market-fishermen are, as a rule, simple and inexpensive. The little skiff, the more pretentious but still small sail-boat, make up the list of water-craft, to which must be added the strong nets, many of the simplest contrivance, such as Peter and his companions, over eighteen hundred years ago, used in the Sea of Galilee. But modern American mechanical ingenuity, illustrated by the fishermen of the Jersey coast, has added the "pound." Its principle of action is very similar to the gin used by "pot-hunters" to secure the bright-eyed quail. In a favorable position, and at a right angle from the shore, a "net-fence" is erected, from nine hundred to a thousand feet in length. At the extreme end of this obstruction is placed the pound, another strong net, arranged so that its walls represent a room about twenty feet square. Every thing properly disposed of, the waters far above and below the trap are rudely disturbed, and the fish, all unconscious of danger, leisurely pursue their way until they strike the fence; then, alarmed, they rush toward deep water and are guided into the pound, where their captors leave them until ready to ship them to market. The "catches" on many occasions are thousands and thousands of every variety of fish known to the coast.

The fishermen have their professional peculiarities. Like all disciples of the "rod and line," they are hospitably disposed, and steady-going and quiet in their demeanor; they are, as a class, never in a hurry, and give little heed to the cares and excitements of the outer world. Their game is noiseless and timid, their homes are isolated, and they (the fishermen) insensibly conform their thoughts and manners to their surroundings. Nor is the theory that, as fish contain an unusual amount of phosphorus, therefore the eating of them especially strengthens the brain, rendering the consumers of flounders and horse-mackerel poets and statesmen, sustained by intercourse with the semi-marine population of Squam Beach or Tuckahoe Inlet; on the contrary, they are very practical people, sharp at a bargain, and greatly given to thrift and to putting their surplus dollars in farms and savings-banks.

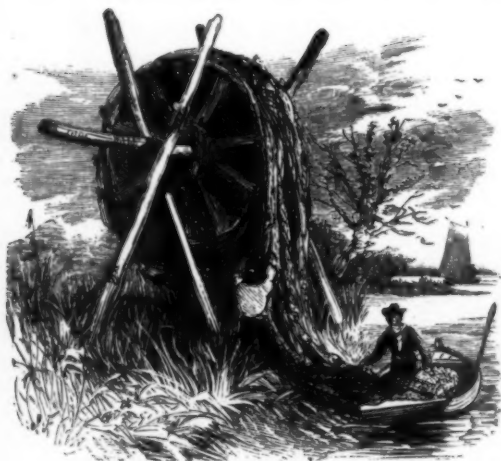
To give even the popular names of the many varieties of fish caught off the Jersey coast would occupy a large space; some of the favorite varieties alone can be mentioned. Fish most valuable for food and commerce are those which are of delicious taste, and of such hardy constitution that they will retain their excellent qualities for some length of time after being taken from the water. The weak-fish and the blue-fish, two of the gamest, so far as taking the hook and fighting for life are concerned, are unexceptionable if they can be transferred all glistening, as if studded with silver, to the grill of the cook, but they lose their best qualities by other treatment, and are, therefore, less popular than their numbers and intrinsic qualities should command. From June to October they are more or less plentiful, often so beyond conception. Hundreds of each kind have been in a few hours caught by a single line, and their capture by nets often is immense. Both are game to the last degree, and fight with a vim very unusual to the finny tribe. We know of one patriotic gentleman who was relieved from the unpleasant duties of "the military draft" because a huge and most voracious blue-fish had demolished his thumb. The largest-sized weak-fish will weigh fifteen pounds; the blue-fish, it is said, will sometimes reach fifty. When thus exaggerated by an abundance of feeding, they are properly designated, on account of their great strength, "horse-mackerel," a most characteristic cognomen, for, if caught by a strong line, in their struggles to escape they will sometimes tow the fisherman's boat against the wind.

The black-fish, the porgy, the sea and striped bass, and perch, are all familiar in our markets among the rich contributions from the Jersey coast.

The mackerel, a few of which only are caught, are justly admired for their delicacy; but our Jersey fishermen have never gone to the expense necessary to capture them "out at sea," where they abound, and hence in our city markets they are known as "Boston mackerel," a concession to the New-Englanders' taste for hunting in deep water.



GATHERING MOSS-BUNKERS.



THE REEL.



GATHERING BAIT.



FISHING FOR WEAK-FISH.



FISHING FOR SHEEP'S-HEAD.



THE EVENING HAUL WITH THE SEINE.



TROLLING FOR BLUE-FISH.



FISHING FROM THE BEACH FOR BLUE-FISH.



GOING OUT FOR WEAK-FISH.



THE RETURN.



PREPARING THE FISH FOR MARKET.

In this connection we must mention the Spanish mackerel, undoubtedly the most beautiful of all the fish of the sea. In years gone by it was supposed to be confined to southern latitudes, but such is not now the case, for it exists in great numbers "far out" on our coast. Sooner or later the proper craft to take them will be provided, and then they will become a familiar and not an exceptionable dish upon our tables.

The sheep's-head, not only on account of its intrinsic merit, but from the great firmness of its flesh, is a deserved favorite among all epicures, and, although dealing in them is a lucrative business, and they are caught by the thousands, yet it is seldom they are offered at public sale. These fish visit the Jersey coast in the month of June, and remain until fall. Their strong teeth and powerful jaws are admirably suited to crush the hard covering of the mussel and other shell-fish on which they naturally feed. Made desperate by hunger, they will attack the juvenile clams, and graze upon offensive, spongy-looking masses of marine vegetation which line the bottom of the sea. They are a socially-disposed fish, and seemingly very much affected by changes in the atmosphere. Hence it is that old and highly-successful sheep's-head fishermen will watch the weather, and never make a venture until the barometer indicates that it is a favorable time to visit the feeding-grounds.

It would be inexcusable if we should neglect that most useful and locally popular fish known as the moss-bunker. It is very oily, very coarse, and very full of bones. It possesses every unfavorable quality of the shad and the herring. It seems designed by Providence as a sort of *migratory bait* destined to hug along the shore for the purpose of attracting within the reach of man the richer and more excellent treasures of the sea. The quantities which are sometimes caught literally represent a miraculous draught of fishes. They have on some special occasions been so numerous in the small bays as to impede the progress of a skiff, and were bailed out of the open waters by the cart-load, and piled up on the meadow-land in great, towering heaps. The Jersey farmer uses these fish for manure, and most rebellious are unaccustomed nostrils to the effluvia by which the moss-bunker resents his vulgar disposition. Yet no plague has resulted from this singular appropriation, nor have the most acute philosophers in "book-farming" ever been enthusiastic enough to inform themselves of the true value of this most novel fertilizer.

All along, from Sandy Hook to the Capes, hidden away in the broken and cosy nooks of this apparently arid soil, are the single cottages and little villages of the professional fishermen. Their lives are not spent in hardship, nor are their rewards for labor meagre. The consequence is, that you will find them living cosily, and often blessed with much of the world's goods. If the steamer which takes you down the bay turns to the right, just as you reach Sandy Hook, you will run into Shrewsbury River. Here you have the great serpentine bar of the Hook on your left, while, on your right, tower up what are known as the Highlands. On the very top of this great sea-cliff are two light-houses, which are so ingeniously placed that, if the seaman ever loses in his observations the sight of the vista between them, he is out of his reckoning. Just opposite these "eyes of commerce" is the little village of Seabright. Here the people are industrious and prosperous, and present probably the very best example of the routine of the Jersey fisherman's life.

Close as this place is to the metropolis, the fish which crowd upon its neighborhood have no experience of danger. Guided by an unseen and unerring wisdom, they annually come to Seabright and other places—homes of men bent on their destruction—and yield up their lives, as if in humble acknowledgment of the supremacy of man over the land and the sea. Here it is that the tyro from the heated streets of the metropolis sometimes wanders; and, having the universal taste for hunting revived in his soul, he will, with fifty others possibly, seat himself upon the timbers of a neighboring bridge, and patiently fish with line and bait. The general result is that innumerable valuable specimens, denominated the pilot, the Lafayette, the little blue-fish, weak-fish, striped bass, and the aristocratic sheep's-head, seem to rejoice to leave the free waters of the clear blue sea to swallow the bait offered by these 'prentices of the rod and line; and oftentimes a few hours' united work of such inexperienced hands has resulted in the accumulation of three thousand pounds of the best specimens of the sunny tribe. Surely, such abundant reward is not to be met with elsewhere in the world.

In addition to fishing in the bays, the men employed in their small

sail-boats go some distance from the main-land, where, in deep water, they secure the finer specimens, which are so attractive to old gentlemen with large purses, large girth, large appetites, and large families, and to ambitious keepers of popular hotels. Trolling for fish is one of the most exciting sports, and, as success is not the result of experience, it is sometimes a matter of grave speculation to decide whether the tyro in the boat, or the blue-fish at the end of his line, is most astonished.

Fifty years ago, our pleasant fishing-coast of New Jersey, now the seat of happiness and prosperity, was one of the horrors of the hardy children of the sea. The stern, repulsive headlands, from Sandy Hook southward to Cape May, were associated with marine disaster. Human hearts, however brave, and human hands, however strong, too often failed in the hour of peril off this dreaded coast. But, when the untiring arm of steam came, as an obedient assistant to the overwrought sailor, and the dreaded rocks and precipices had their towers by day and their warning lights by night, the Jersey coast became less traditional of danger; and, when the denizens of our crowded city, suffering from the labors of a long winter, and sweltering under summer heats, fled to these rocky, sandy coasts, and made them the centres of health and refinement, these once rude places became famous for their happy homes as well as for their teeming depositories of food. So do the ameliorations of the times change unpleasant traditions, and the waste places of the imaginary and the real world alike grow bright and hopeful.

But even now, in the far-off seas, there still gather in the forecastle, at the idle hours of the night-watch, old "sea-dogs" who have never known a pleasurable excitement, except it were a triumph over danger—"ancient mariners," who tell of tales of suffering off the "Barbary shore," and of the ever-unappeased rage of the great, hungry "rollers" that come surging in upon the rock-bound coast of Norway. These hard-visaged sons of Neptune, whose faces are tanned by "nor'westers" until the muscles seem of pliant bronze, still speak of the times when, nearing that Jersey coast, they saw peering over the waves of the deep-blue sea the very crown of the Neversink; and how it contrasted with the surroundings like a bit of gold on the horizon; and how they saw, away to the north, that mysterious light which always overhangs a great city; and how the idle men hung listless over the taffrail. Then of a sudden there came through the heated air a cold breath, as if from the cave of Death, and the waters suddenly grew black as ink, and the great waves sunk down angrily under some unseen power. Then the horizon all round rolled up its dark clouds, as if the curtains were being removed, that they might look into the blackness of the coming storm. A moment more, and the headlands disappeared as if drowned in the angry water; and the old, weather-beaten ship, that had safely chased the great whales in the Arctic Seas, and had been carried even in safety on the thick flocks of moving ice, staggered back, and labored as if paralyzed, shrinking from the coming contest with the enraged elements.

Fierce and terrible was that storm on the Jersey coast, and the men strained their hardened thaws, and toiled, and worked, to wear off the ship, that they and it might meet the accumulating dangers in the open sea. But all was in vain. The demon of the storm triumphed; the hurricane sent the struggling craft back upon the rocks, where the surging waves broke into the mid-air, and the great surf seemed to travel heavenward; and the last evidence of human sympathy that many of these mariners had of this world was the steady, unflinching light that, in spite of the conflicting elements and surrounding death, gave caution and hope from Barnegat.

T. B. THORPE.

AMONG THE INEBRIATES.

DOWN a shabby, neglected-looking street; past frowzy tenement-houses, with ash-heaps and garbage-boxes in front, and more garbage in the gutters than in the boxes; past a dark, dull wall, enclosing a dark, dull building of enormous size, and struggling, disjointed architecture; past a gateway in the wall, through which thousands have been taken to die, and ambulances, stretchers, hacks, and carts, are passing day and night with sick, stabbed, shot, and mangled humanity; past another and newer large building, where doctors, professors, and hare-brained students deliberate, dissect, and

make mischief; past a third building, low, and dark, and sombre, with loungers looking curiously through the glass doors, and sad-faced men and women going and coming through an iron gate-way, with "Monque" in hard iron letters a few inches above their heads; past burying wagons and bustling men, through a broad, high archway, with a neat office on one side, and a wide-awake man at the door collecting fare from all who approach—past all these and much that is not noted, and we are on the dock, whence a small, bright, tidy steamer is ready to start on her daily trip up the river.

The gangway plank comes in with a sweep, hauled by a dozen strong hands; a rush is made from the dock entrance by people who are always late, but who manage to get aboard without first tumbling into the water; the lines are cast off, and our bright, pleasant little boat heads toward the Sound. We run up close to the west shore, and see many odd sights and queer places, which keep us thinking and wondering till the boat suddenly turns eastward, and, in half an hour from the starting-time, she is fast to the landing at Blackwell's Island. Part of the freight is discharged, and some of the passengers go ashore, and presently a gang of miserable-looking men, almost in rags, with shivering forms (for the morning is sharp) and slouching, unsteady gait, and some more miserable-looking women, with unclean tatters for clothing, and discolored eyes, and half-healed gashes on their bloated faces, are driven aboard like cattle, and huddled into a corner, where they shiver and chatter till we lose sight of them half an hour later by landing at Ward's Island. The boat soon starts forward again, and we make our way toward a broad, high brick building, which is pointed out as the Soldiers' Retreat.

It is located on the highest part of the island, and we reach it by ascending many successions of short stairways. Entering at the main door, we find several soldiers lounging about, all apparently past their fighting days. The building is nominally a home for disabled defenders of the Union, but only part of it is occupied by them. The soldiers appear in clean, bright uniforms, and seem to be satisfied with the place and their lot. This building, ostensibly the Soldiers' Retreat, is also a public asylum for inebriates who can pay, or whose friends are willing to pay, for their keeping. It is under the control of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, but as all the inmates, except the soldiers, have to pay or be paid for, it cannot be truly called a charity institution.

The first peculiarities which strike us are the comfort and perfect freedom of the place. Well-dressed men are walking up and down the long corridors. The door is open and unguarded, and if they choose to go out and stroll around the grounds no one observes or objects. Some are smoking, some chatting, and all appear to be unconscious of restraint. Knowing beforehand that the place is an inebriate asylum, and entering with the expectation of finding a system of discipline, one is surprised at the absence of restrictions. The men walking about possibly feel that they are not free to do as they please, but there is no indication of the feeling in their manner.

Do they appear like drunkards? Not at all. Are they confirmed, habitual inebriates? Yes, the majority are, but not all. Some are sent here to prevent their becoming drunkards; some come of their own accord, to be away from temptation; many are confirmed by relatives or friends, either to save them from self-destruction or with the hope that they will come out cured of their terrible passion for liquor. But realizations of the hope are rare. In the great majority of cases the passion has become too strong before its victim is confined, to be permanently conquered or eradicated. A few inebriates form good resolutions and keep them for a few months, perhaps, after their release; but the old appetite returns, and these unfortunate men are sent back to their old quarters. And it frequently happens that not more than a week elapses between the discharge of an inebriate and his reappearance.

But there are none of the class called common drunkards here. A man found intoxicated in the street and committed for drunkenness, is sent to Blackwell's Island and compelled to work. None go to the inebriate asylum but those who can pay or be paid for, as has already been said. Those who become a public charge are placed on the same level with convicts, and required to labor as they do. And if an inmate of the asylum runs out of funds before his term expires, and no one comes forward to pay his weekly board, it is the rule that he, too, shall be sent down to Blackwell's Island, put on prison fare, and obliged to make return for it in work. The enforcement of this rule is frequent, but not invariable.

Of what social order are the inebriates? Well, there are here some men who stood well in society, men of culture, high intelligence, refined manners; professional men, tradesmen, men who have been merchants; in brief, representatives of almost every class are or have been inmates of the institution. We ask if we may pass through it and see how they live. No, the rules forbid that. Each man pays his way as he would at an hotel or boarding-house, and is entitled to privacy if he desires it. No visitor is allowed to pass beyond the reception-room—at least, he cannot enter any other apartment, though he may view several others at a distance sufficient to prevent possible recognition of some person whom he may know, and who may prefer to be unseen. We drop into conversation and learn much that interests and surprises. The substance of it is noted in memory.

"A pretty comfortable place, isn't it?"

"Yes; capital. We have everything we want. It would have been well for most of us if we had come here long ago. Nothing to do but amuse ourselves and pass the time as pleasantly as we can."

"How do you manage that?"

"There are various ways. Down there, you see" (nodding toward the end of a long corridor, leading to a spacious, well-lighted room), "is the library. After breakfast we go there to read the papers. All the city papers are on file, and we know what is going on everywhere better, perhaps, than you do; for you have little time to read, while we have plenty. The library is well supplied with books, besides, and we have free access to them all day. We could not be better supplied with reading matter by the Mercantile Library than we are here."

"You have recreations, too, I suppose?"

"Certainly. There is the billiard-room. Those who wish to play may do so any time they please. You can hear the balls now. They are hardly ever still. When we tire of billiards, we have dominoes, checkers, and chess—almost every game, in fact. It is easy to fill up the day in the library, playing billiards and checkers, or strolling around outside."

"But you cannot leave the island."

"No, unless the doctor gives a pass, and at any rate we are better off here. Those who do go to the city occasionally, gain nothing by it. The temptation to return to old habits is often too strong, and the good that has been done is undone. If a man really wants to reform, he had better stay here till he can make pretty sure of controlling himself. If he goes out too soon, he gives way and becomes as bad as ever."

"Is there any system of cure practised?"

"No; not even temperance. You'd think it rather strange, I suppose, if asked to take a drink in this place. Well, I have been offered liquor several times since I came here, but I always refuse. I don't care a fig for it any more. But others do indulge, though. There are some men here who take more or less every day. I don't pretend to know how they get it, but they do get it somehow."

"Do you fare well in regard to board?"

"First-rate. There is nothing to complain of. I live just as well here as I did at an hotel. The food is good and well cooked, and we have plenty of it. No regular bill of fare, of course, but what is provided is just as good as we want. It is cheap, too. The cost is five dollars a week, and we live better for that than we could for twice as much in a boarding-house in the city."

"Do all pay the same amount?"

"Oh, no. Those who pay five dollars a week sleep in a ward—about a dozen in one room. Some have rooms to themselves, and pay ten dollars. The rooms are well furnished and as comfortable as hotel parlors. A few have rooms *en suite*, and their meals are taken to them. These pay twenty or twenty-five dollars. They would not be better off in a fashionable house in Fifth Avenue."

"They must have means to pay so much."

"Means! Why, some of the men in this place are rich. But they can't control their money. Before any man comes here, some one must make an affidavit that he is incapable of managing his affairs, and the person must be one who has a direct interest in him. While he remains here, his property is under the control of those who have him committed. They pay for him, unless he has money in hand to pay for himself. And if his property warrants it and they are generous, he gets the best accommodations, and fares a great deal better, perhaps, than before he came."

"A man can commit himself, I suppose, if he chooses to do so. Is that ever done?"

"Yes; quite often, I understand. I am not sure that it is so, but they tell me that it is not unusual for a man who has been drinking a little and wants to have an easy time for the winter, to go to the office of the commissioners, accuse himself of being a drunkard, and say he wants to be sent to the inebriate asylum. He pays down twenty or forty dollars for one or two months' board, comes over here and lives till the cold weather is past, and then goes back to the city. But unless he looks like an inebriate they won't take him, so he manages that by pretending to be intoxicated while he is really playing a sharp game. A man of this kind often turns up in the asylum several winters in succession."

"What is the general effect of confinement here? Does it reform men or make them worse?"

"Well, so far as I know, very few are made temperate by it. Most of those sent here come against their will, and feel humiliated and resentful. It sometimes breaks a man's spirits completely to be served in such a way, and when he gets out he takes to drink worse than ever. Others make up their minds to "pay off" those who cause their committal, and show them that they won't be forced into abstinence, and when these are released they go back to the old habits. But some do really reform, though no systematic effort is made to wean them from the taste for liquor."

Three or four well-dressed, intelligent-looking men having passed while we are talking, it is remarked that their appearance would not indicate what they are.

"If I told you their names you would be surprised. You have often heard of those men, and no doubt considered them solid and respectable. Why, some of the cleverest men in New York have been here—men of first-class intellect and accomplishments—literary men, lawyers, merchants, men who were esteemed and even courted in society. You see that large building" (indicating one of the most graceful public edifices to be found within a thousand miles of New York)—"well, the plan of that was drawn in a room up-stairs. The architect designed it while confined here as an inebriate. Others get credit for it, but the plan was drawn by him and adopted by a firm in the city. Yes, there are some clever men here, and, if it were not against the rules to go through the building, you might see some you would not expect to find here."

"Are no visitors allowed to go through?"

"No, it is strictly forbidden."

"What is the object of that?"

"It is plain enough. These men don't want to be seen. If persons coming in every day were allowed to go here and there as they pleased, there would be no seclusion. When a man is put into a place like this he feels that he is disgraced, and of course he does not like to run the risk of facing persons who may know him, but who do not know that he is here."

Seeing some ladies in the reception-room, a remark is made about their presence.

"They are bound to see all they can, and, if they get any chance at all, you can't prevent them. A few weeks ago one of the commissioners brought some lady friends over, and of course they wanted to go everywhere. He pointed out rooms which they must not approach, saying the occupants would rather not be seen except by their friends. While he was engaged talking, one of the ladies slipped away, and, when Mr. — turned, he saw her peeping into one of the forbidden rooms. He was very angry, called her back, told her she had violated a rule that no one was allowed to transgress, cautioned her against doing the like again; and what did she do but laugh heartily in his face, and say *she* wasn't going to shut her eyes when there was a chance to see any thing!

"But," said he, "those men don't want to be seen."

"Then, they have no business coming here. You won't catch me shutting myself up where no one can see me."

"That is their way generally. If you reason or expostulate with them, they'll laugh at you; so the only plan is to shut them out altogether."

We have learned enough to satisfy us that, for a man so addicted to liquor that he has become its slave, it would be difficult to find a better place than this public inebriate asylum. Outside of it there is a general impression that the institution is a sort of almshouse or penitentiary. This supposition causes many unfortunate men to

shrink from the thought of being sent thither, and their friends to hesitate long before taking measures for confining them. But it is an error. The asylum can hardly be regarded as in any respect eleemosynary. Certainly it is no more so than a private hospital, where patients are received and treated at certain fixed rates. The rule here is the same. But the asylum is under the charge of public officials, and this goes far to create the impression that it is a charity institution, or a place of punishment.

The inmates are more comfortable and better cared for than persons of their class could be outside of an asylum. They are provided with all that is necessary to their well-being—good food, clean and well-ventilated sleeping-apartment, means to improve the mind and keep themselves informed on all current topics, and ample facilities for recreation. If free to follow perverted inclinations, undoubtedly they would not fare so well. And the expense of living here is trifling in comparison with that attending every-day life in towns and cities. But the chief point to be considered is the certain prevention of harmful indulgence in liquor while the victim of intemperance is confined in the asylum. He may not be wholly deprived of that which his depraved appetite craves, but what he obtains of it is not sufficient to do him injury.

It is much even for one man to be saved from a drunkard's grave. The number of persons converted to temperance by residence in the asylum may be small in proportion to the number not reformed, but, if even a few are thus rescued, a great good is accomplished. Those whom we saw during our visit bore in their appearance testimony to the value of the institution. Take them to Broadway and let them mingle with the throng, and no one would suppose them to be inebriates. In dress and physical looks, they would compare well with the ordinary well-to-do citizen, though probably before their confinement many of them were in a state of constant intoxication, and rapidly descending the road that leads to disgrace and utter ruin.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

ALONE.

AH!—it seemed when the Master called him
That my faith and hope were fled,
But my darlings are ever with me—
They are back from the days long dead—
As I sit through the winter evenings
When the firelight flickers low,
Till each childish face grows fainter
And fades with the fading glow.

As I dream in the deepening darkness,
They linger around my chair—
The youngest a bright-eyed cherub,
And the eldest tall and fair;
So my worn old heart grows younger,
My hair seems no longer gray,
And the long, long nights of winter
Bloom sweet as a summer's day.

But the fairest maid—my youngest—
She lingers the last with me,
To prattle her childish prayers
With her head upon my knee;
While the others mount the stairway
She kneels in the ruddy light,
And then—with her soft arms round me—
A kiss, and a fond good-night.

Do I think of my first-born fading
On that dark November morn,
All her fair face white with anguish,
When she died with her babe unborn?—
Nay! for me they are *ever* children—
No change with the changing year,
As I sit and call my darlings
By the names they loved to hear.

And I wonder if up in heaven,
 'Mid the pause of saintly psalms,
 They think of the old dame dreaming
 Through these weary wintry calms,
 If a tremor of earthward yearning
 May flit, in that pause of rest,
 O'er the lips of the little angels
 That once were at my breast.

Oft I lie by the window watching,
 When the world is hushed to sleep,
 How the wondrous eyes of heaven
 Peer soft from their mystic deep,
 Till it seems that my darlings call me,
 And I name me a star for each,
 With one lonely planet pining
 For the home it failed to reach.

So my gaze is ever upward
 As my eyes grow moist and dim,
 Seeking through earthly sorrows
 For the paths that lead to Him;
 While I sit in the solemn stillness
 And wait for my promised crown,
 Still blessing the mighty Master
 Who sends these angels down.

Slow the embers are fading, fading,
 Till their light has ceased to glow,
 While I hear through the dusk the music
 Of a voice that I used to know;
 I feel on my feet break coldly
 The waves of the shoreless sea,
 While the darkness around me deepens,
 Ah—hush!—They are calling me!

EDWARD RENAUD.

THE FREE-LABOR AND INTELLIGENCE BUREAU.

ABOUT two years since, the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction in the city of New York, in view of the fact that the ranks of pauperism and vice received large and constantly-increasing accession from the unemployed female-labor market, and that the organizations then in existence for procuring employment were notoriously inefficient and inoperative, determined to establish an official bureau which, from its systematic nature and the comprehensiveness of its operations, should secure the confidence of employers generally, and the comfort and convenience of employés, protecting the latter from the delays, disappointments, and temptations, inseparable from private institutions of an eleemosynary and irresponsible character.

This they did in Plimpton's Building, at the corner of Stuyvesant and Ninth Streets, under the superintendence of Commissioners Bell, Bowen, O. W. Brennan, and Nicholson, the Hon. Alexander Frear having since been added to the number. Some two or three months' experience, however, proved that the work before them was of such vast magnitude and importance, and the task so onerous, as evidenced by the avidity of both employers and servants to avail themselves of the advantages of this cheap and effective medium, that they resolved to remove to their present commodious office in Clinton Place, corner of Mercer Street, and, with an enlarged and efficient staff of officials, to develop the enterprise to its fullest limit. Accordingly, in the month of May, 1870, the present able and energetic superintendent, Mr. James Donahue, assumed the entire control of the bureau; and, through his courteous and business-like administration, and the hearty coöperation of his coöfficials, it furnished, during the year 1870, thirty-four thousand eight hundred and four individuals with situations, out of forty thousand two hundred and five applications, or about seven-eighths of the entire number on the books—thus providing more than three thousand five hundred respectable male and female

servants each month with means of livelihood, who would otherwise have swelled the lists of the "pauper-roll," or augmented the ranks of vice and dissipation. During the four months of the present year, the monthly returns have exhibited an increase of fully thirty per cent. on those of last year, the books of the bureau showing an average of four thousand one hundred and fifty-seven applications per month, of which three thousand five hundred and fifteen found employment.

The *modus operandi* is extremely simple and complete. There are three entrances to the building—one for the male and one for the female applicants for employment, the front entrance being devoted to the use of employers. A lady desiring a servant is ushered into the offices on the ground floor, where a clerk inscribes in a book prepared for the purpose the name and address of the employer, and the kind of servant required, to which entry a number is attached for facility of future reference. This accomplished, the applicant is furnished with a ticket (blue or red, according to the locality of her residence in town or country), bearing the initials G. H. W., C., etc., as signifying a servant for general house-work, cooking, etc. She then proceeds to the sitting-room, and awaits the advent of the servant, who has been summoned by a clerk from the upper rooms, where she and a number of her fellow-servants are in waiting. A preliminary conversation ensues, and, if the negotiations are satisfactory, the engagement is at once made, the two parties proceeding to a table in the vicinity, where the wages to be paid, and all other particulars, are duly entered by a clerk. Should the servant first sent prove unsuitable, the employer is allowed to "interview" any number of the applicants, until she finds one equal to her requirements.

Meanwhile, the scene at the servants' entrances is of a different character. The persons seeking employment tender their names to the clerk at the desk, furnishing him with all particulars as to situation sought, past career, etc.; they are then given tickets similar to those furnished to employers, and take their places in the room appropriated to their respective classes. Subsequently, a summons arrives through the speaking-pipe, "Servant for general work, city, wanted." The first applicant in that capacity is then introduced by the guide to her prospective employer, and so on in succession until all are suited with servants and situations. Such is the hourly and daily routine of this invaluable and praiseworthy institution. But there are other features to observe in the system, which reflect the highest credit on the commissioners and superintendent, and which deserve the especial attention of the public generally. Applicants, when entering their names on the books of the bureau, are required to furnish truthful and connected accounts of their career prior to application, and to present credentials from previous employers; and, on leaving any situation to which they have been introduced by the bureau, the cause of their leaving or dismissal is duly ascertained and recorded, so that the remarks opposite each number in the "engagement-book" furnish a complete and reliable history of the applicant's career, and frequently guide the superintendent and his staff in the selection of suitable servants for the situations vacant. By any serious offence against honesty or morality, the applicants are at once and forever excluded from all the benefits of the institution.

The good effects arising from an institution so admirably and efficiently conducted can be better imagined than described. By its operation, employers can always be supplied with servants, and servants with employers, exactly suited to them in disposition, proficiency, habits, and Christian profession, etc.; and the results achieved by it, during the twelve or thirteen months which have elapsed since its improved organization, signally prove that it has worked and is destined to effect a still greater social reformation, and to effectually and satisfactorily solve the important and much-vexed question of how to obtain good servants and good employers.

It is a matter of great congratulation to the citizens of New York and its neighborhood that they have so valuable and effective an organization, and that the officers controlling it should have given so practical a recognition of the truth of the axiom that "prevention is better than cure." The area of its operation is limited only by the confines of the continent itself; its influence is boundless; and its results will surely be found in the state records of future generations, which, from the decrease in pauperism and crime, will most effectually and truthfully proclaim its praises.

FREDERICK J. GARDIN.

TABLE-TALK.

M. THIERS seems to have only narrowly escaped, in one respect, the fate of the fabled Frankenstein. It is he, more than any Frenchman of the age, who has fed the greed of national vanity and love of glory, until this monster has threatened to destroy him who nourished it. Thiers would not feel flattered to be classed in the same category with the visionary and raging *sans-culottes* who were so long able to shut him out from the capital; yet the wildest of them have not exhibited a blinder devotion to *toutes les gloires de France* than this statesman and scholar, who aims to found a new political system. For more than half a century he has persistently urged an ultra "French" policy. He began, at twenty-three, by writing a history of the first revolution, which glowed with the military triumphs of the republic, and wherein his pen seemed always eager to hasten from the dry details of legislation and finance, to the stirring scenes of the frontiers. Still more pernicious was his "Consulate and Empire" in its influence on the popular mind. It was a fulsome panegyric, in twenty volumes, of Napoleon I., and its lesson was, that aggression, rapine, pillage, and all the ills of war visited upon weaker countries, were as nothing in the balance with French glory and aggrandizement. In his long career as a statesman, he seemed never to look beyond the interests of France and of his own power. Nothing, in his eyes, was unjust which could wreath the new laurels—though they were bloody and vain—about the brow of *la patrie*. In 1866 he berated Napoleon III., in his crispest and snappiest style, for not interfering in a quarrel with which France had nothing to do, and for not preventing the unity of the German people in spite of themselves. In 1870, the only objection he could urge to the late war was—not that the provocation was frivolous, or that the imperial course was wrongful—but that France was not ready. It is not encouraging for France that she should have at the head of her administration, at the time when, of all others, she needs the highest qualities of statesmanship, a man who has grown old thinking that military glory is the noblest achievement of a nation, and that to be an arbiter in Europe is the only claim which France can put forth to the respect of the world. Even the best French statesmen—such men as Jules Favre, Simon, and Pagés—seem to be tainted with this worship of *la gloire*, and are not yet sufficiently advanced to proclaim the gospel of peace and thrift, and to announce, as the future programme of the country, an abandonment of effete balance-of-power vanities, and the development of the mental and material resources of the people. France needs a wise statesman, as a few months ago she needed a great general. She has had a cruel awakening; but Thiers, it is to be feared, is not the man to point out for her the moral of her recent tragedy.

— A lady writes to a Boston newspaper, giving reasons apart from those connected with what is due to ladies on the score of politeness or chivalry, why women when riding in street-cars ought not to be required to stand.

She says: "It was the beautiful custom of the fathers of this generation to see no woman standing if they could give her a seat. Why? Because, without thinking any thing more about it, their very manliness pleaded to them for her that she was the 'weaker,' and therefore less able to stand than they. But the theory of their self-indulgent and irreverent sons is that 'women can stand as well as men,' and therefore they allow her to do so. Is this true? Many a woman is as tall as her husband, but compare his long and broad foot in its thick boot with her little one in a delicate shoe, arched and slender, and about two-thirds of the size of his. Compare the body that she has to support on that foot—its small bones, soft muscles, swelling and heavy contours—with the large bones, firm muscles, small hips, and spare limbs of his strong frame; reflect, moreover, upon the internal structure of her organism, the frightful danger to which strain or over-fatigue may expose it—including the possible murder of the unborn—and then insist, if you can, that women can stand as well as men. It is not true; they cannot." These reasons are conclusive, we think, but they have a wider significance than the writer appears to imagine. They touch the very key-note of this whole woman-question, and indicate the proper solution to it. When the rights of women are studied in the light of physiology, it will be discovered that the old-fashioned notion as to woman's place in the social scheme was, in the main, a just and accurate instinct. Women are often unfortunately under the necessity of laboring for their support, and, so long as this is the case, more avenues of labor ought to be opened to them. But in a rightly-constituted society women would not be permitted to labor, excepting, perhaps, in the lighter employments that make no strain upon their physical powers. "Reflect," says the extract above, "upon the internal structure of her organism, the frightful danger to which strain or over-fatigue may expose it—including the possible murder of the unborn." Herein lies the reason why women should abandon all thought of a competitive struggle with man, and why men, mindful of the welfare of the generations to come, should insist that the mothers of their children should be protected with all solicitude and care in the performance of their great function. Our women have accomplished fully their share in the labor and duties of the world in becoming mothers, and it is quite impossible for them to share with men the fatigues and exaction of handicrafts and professional labors, without weakening them in a way that will tell severely upon their offspring. Nature asserts the law which gives the real attitude of the female sex, and the strong-minded cannot disregard the dictum without injurious consequences. What women ought to insist upon is their right of exemption from all kinds of prolonged or exacting labor; in this plea Nature and science would support them, and all right-minded men would become their advocates and defenders.

— It would be amusing if, after all, the gentler sex should have the glory—and the responsibility—of tearing away the veil which

has so long shrouded the mystery of "Junius." Even great men, it seems, are not exempt from the danger of betraying themselves by their love-letters. And then, what a fearful confirmation such a *dénouement* would be to the complaint of crusty old bachelors, that women cannot keep secrets! For, according to the latest *soi-disant* discoverer of the real Junius, one of his bright-eyed sweethearts, more than half a century after her death, gives the clew to his discovery. Falling in love with a young lady at a ball, Sir Philip—of course, it is Macaulay's and Carlyle's Sir Philip Francis—sends her soon after some exquisite verses, politely (as the custom then was) expressing his rhapsodies in the most careful and neatly-termed metre and expression; but—as if half-consciously fearful to confide to feminine hands the tell-tale evidence of chirography—very studiously disguising his hand. He requests a friend to enclose the verses to the fair maid, and soon forgets all about it. The fair maid religiously treasures up the effusion of so courtly a gentleman and so gifted a suitor; and so it lies, yellowing and paling gradually, among other keepsakes of youth, to be read in after-years with heart-flutterings and gentle sighs, and to be left behind at last for the curious and colder eyes of posterity. The waif passes on through we know not—or care not—how many hands, and is abruptly, in the good year 1871, dragged from its mouldering obscurity, and put upon the witness-stand against its author. Experts cross-examine it, with their lenses and logic, and declare its family resemblance to the letters of Junius to be quite unmistakable, and proof positive of the identity of parentage. There is a group of confirmatory evidence gathered about this central point, and we have another and perhaps final argument that Francis and Junius were one. So that the "shade of a name," which, according to the mysterious writer's boast, was to "remain," vanishes in presence of a delicate *billet-doux*, and the solid, substantial British name, with its knightly prefix, and its positive history, usurps its ghostly place. Books, equal in amount of matter to Junius's letters four times repeated, have been written to identify that greatest of English satirists and masters of invective. Why Junius should wish his name to be forever a secret will never be known. We can see reasons why it should be so kept during his lifetime, for he had dared to attack the person of the sovereign, and carry his warfare to the throne itself. But Junius must have known his letters to be masterpieces, and so enduring; and, in this age of brass, it is difficult to imagine a man so constituted as to disdain the immortality which great achievements in art and letters yield.

— The journals inform us that, at a Presbyterian meeting in Chicago, Dr. Hall made an address denouncing the "flood of fashion and folly that is rushing over the land." He instanced the fate of Rome, Florence, and other republics, which grew to rottenness before they were ripe, all through extravagance in dress and living, "and hoped that the women of America would soon return to that simplicity of dress and Christianity of character which laid the republic." Has Dr. Hall consulted recently the portraits of those

eminently-respectable people, his great grandparents? If not, will he be so good as to examine the gallery of portraits in Mr. Griawold's "Republican Court," and tell us frankly what he thinks of the simplicity of dress there exhibited? If Dr. Hall will carefully examine this matter, he will discover that simplicity of dress has almost steadily increased for many centuries, and that in this particular we are far in advance of our ancestors. Let him compare the powdered wig, the ruffles, the lace, the elaborate costume of gentlemen a hundred years ago with his own. The essential difference between now and then is that, while formerly only those persons of acknowledged social position indulged in elaborate dress or extravagant living, now there is a large number of people who imitate the manners and extravagances of their betters, to the public scandal and their own injury. But, after all, how small a proportion of the population are extravagant in dress or method of living! The rural population form the great majority of the people, and with them simplicity and frugality are the rule. And so, also, are they with our work-people in the cities, with artisans, handicraftsmen, mechanics. Even a majority of merchants and tradesmen are plain folk, and live quietly and simply. The idle and the extravagant have some accessions to their rank, no doubt, but the great mass of the people have not the power to be otherwise than frugal even if they would. We recollect that when, during the panic of 1837, a great outcry rang against the extravagance of women, which some people imagined brought on the financial troubles, a statistician computed that there was an average of but one silk dress to every four women in the country. Dr. Hall need not despair.

— We copied in a recent number of the *JOURNAL* an account given by the poet Bryant of the mode of life which he had pursued for many years, and to which may fairly be attributed his remarkable health of mind and body at a very advanced age. A Georgian, who professes to be ninety-six years of age and a carpenter by trade, has been moved by Mr. Bryant's letter to give his own method of preserving health, which is somewhat different from that of the poet. He says: "I get up about five in the morning; drink about six or eight drinks of good, solid corn-whiskey by about eight o'clock. By that time I have jacked off and dressed about five hundred feet of plank, more or less; then take breakfast. My breakfast is generally a smothered chicken and a stewed catfish or two or three trout; sometimes two or three shad, with beefsteak and ham and fried eggs, with two or three dozen boiled eggs, fifteen or twenty batter-cakes, with a little coffee or tea—say about six or eight cups—just as I feel about the number of cups. I then joint, tongue, and groove the plank. By about one o'clock I am ready for putting up or down, at which time I dine. My dinner is not always the same; but generally I take about three or four quarts of turtle or pea soup, a small baked pig or a roasted goose, sometimes a quarter of a lamb or kid, greens, beans, peas, onions, eschalots, potatoes, cabbage, and other like vegetables, by which time I have drunk about fifteen or twenty drinks of old, solid

corn-whiskey. After dinner I put up or down my plank, as the case may be; take a few drinks during the time, say about twelve or fourteen. I then take the last meal, which is generally called tea; don't use any meat; drink about six quarts of good buttermilk, with about one and a half or two pounds of light bread; take about four drinks to hold it steady, lay down about eight, and rest better than if I had crowded my stomach. I then rest well, dream pleasant dreams, and rise early again. This has been my mode of living through life. I am stout and active; weigh from two hundred and sixty to two hundred and seventy-five pounds; health fine. My head is as black as a gander's back. I am not very extravagant in using tobacco; only use about two or three plugs a day, say one and a half pounds; smoke some and chew the balance—not that I like the weed; use it only to keep my flesh down."

Scientific Notes.

DR. VÖLCKER has delivered a lecture before the Chemical Society, London, "On the Productive Powers of Soils in Relation to the Loss of Plant-food by Drainage." The lecturer began by showing the futility of the belief that a soil-analysis could reveal whether a land was productive or not. To those who only imperfectly know the teachings of modern agricultural science, it appears very simple to remedy a deficient soil by finding out, through analysis, the wanting constituents, and then to supply them. But this is not so. Not only is it difficult exactly to analyze a soil, but many other conditions besides the composition of a land have to be observed. The state of combination in which the mineral constituents of a land are found, the physical condition of the soil, the presence or absence of some matter injurious to the growth of plants; all these are so many important points upon which soil-analysis throws no light whatever. The lecturer equally opposed the views of those who advocate that in a system of rational farming there should be kept up a debtor and creditor account, as regards the constituents which are removed from the soil in the crop grown upon it, and the quantity of fertilizing matter restored to it in the shape of manure. The fertility of the soil cannot be maintained, much less increased, if only as much fertilizing constituents would be applied to the land as one removes from it in the crops. Dr. Völeker then discussed the relative values of various mineral salts as manures, quoting, in support of his views, the results of the classical field experiments of Lawes and Gilbert; and this then led the lecturer to speak of the examination of land drainage-waters. Lawes and Gilbert, throughout a long series of experiments on the growth of wheat, have experienced a great loss of nitrogen. The amount of nitrogen supplied in the manure was greater than that recovered in the increased produce. It appeared to Dr. Völeker that the nitrogen lost might have passed into the drains. Careful collection of such drainage-waters and their analysis proved Dr. Völeker's supposition to be correct. It became clear that in whatever form the nitrogen is applied to the soil, a large proportion of it is carried off, chiefly in the form of nitrates. At all times of the year, but especially during the active period of growth of the crops, nitrates are found in the watery liquid which circulates in the land, whereas ammonia

salts are never met with in any appreciably large quantities. It may therefore be assumed that it is chiefly, if not solely, from the nitrates that the crops build up their nitrogenous organic constituents. Dr. Völeker's analyses of drainage-waters further showed that potash and phosphoric acid, which certainly are the most important mineral constituents for the plant, are almost entirely retained in the soil; while the less important, as lime, or magnesia, or sulphuric acid, pass with greater readiness out of the land.

Professor Maxwell, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution, gave some interesting facts concerning color-blindness. Color-blindness is a not infrequent defect, and many people are unable to distinguish between certain colors which, to ordinary people, appear in glaring contrast. The reason for this is thus given: There are three systems of nerves in the retina of the eye, each of which has for its function, when acted on by light or any other disturbing agent, to excite in us one of these three sensations. No anatomist has hitherto been able to distinguish these three systems of nerves by microscopic observation. But it is admitted in physiology, that the only way in which the sensation excited by a particular nerve can vary is by degrees of intensity. The intensity of the sensation may vary from the faintest impression up to an insupportable pain; but, whatever may be the exciting cause, the sensation will be the same when it reaches the same intensity. If this doctrine of the function of a nerve be admitted, it is legitimate to reason from the fact that color may vary in three different ways, to the inference that these three modes of variation arise from the independent action of three different nerves, or sets of nerves. The defect, then, of color-blindness consists in the absence of one of the three primary sensations of color. Color-blind vision depends on the variable intensities of two sensations instead of three. In all cases which have been examined with sufficient care, the absent sensation seems to resemble that which we call red. People who are color-blind, as a rule, deny also that green is one of their sensations; but they are always making mistakes about green objects, and confounding them with red. The colors they have no doubts about are certainly blue and yellow; and they persist in saying that yellow, and not green, is the color which they are able to see. To explain this discrepancy, we must remember that color-blind persons learn the names of colors by the same method as ourselves. They are told that the sky is blue, that grass is green, that gold is yellow, and that soldiers' coats are red. They observe a difference in the colors of these objects; and they often suppose that they see the same colors as we do, only not so well.

One of the most curious facts in connection with chemical research, is the remarkable vitality of the lower organisms in Nature. In vegetable subjects, for instance, vitality may lie dormant for a period which is almost inconceivable. *Stramonium*-seeds, according to Duhamel, can develop after remaining twenty-five years under ground. Friewald observed the generation of melon-seeds after they had been kept more than forty years. Pliny goes so far as to say that corn grew after it had been kept a hundred years. And there seems no reason to doubt the fact; for Desmoulins obtained plants from seeds found in a Roman tomb of the third or fourth century. Moreover, it is well known that corn found in some of the tombs of ancient Egypt has germinated and grown to perfection; and the result of the ex-

periment of sowing some of this mummied corn has been the production of new ears, larger and more prolific than those of our modern wheat. A squill-bulb, too, found in the hands of a mummy, has, when planted at the present day and in England, grown and blossomed as readily as the last year's hyacinth-bulb from Holland, which flowers in our windows every spring.

Some of the investigations made by M. Sintrae, one of the most scientific silk-culturists in Europe, appear to possess a value which may be available in America as well. His experiments prove that silk-worms succeed much better when raised in the open air than when confined in close rooms; and, instead of the worms requiring to be kept at a high temperature and carefully preserved from all sudden changes, M. Sintrae finds that they bear very well a temperature as low as forty-seven degrees and as high as one hundred and four, and that they are not injured by the direct rays of the sun nor by sudden alternations of temperature. They are even unharmed by rains and thunder-storms. The disease that has been so prevalent among silk-worms in Europe, and which called for so large an importation of foreign eggs, is attributed by M. Sintrae to the worms being confined in too close rooms. The only shelter he gives them is an open shed, with roof sufficient to protect them from wetness. The good result of this system of management is shown by the fact that thirty-eight ounces of eggs furnished three hundred and seventy-two pounds of cocoons, besides a large yield of eggs.

An Edinburgh physician, in a communication to the *Philosophical Journal*, repudiates the opinion generally entertained by chemists in regard to the action of water on lead pipes. He asserts that observation and experiment have led him to conclude that certain pure soft waters do not act upon lead, while certain hard waters, which are regarded as most protective, do act chemically upon it, and, therefore, such pipe is dangerous to use in conveying that kind of water for domestic purposes. It has generally been taught and believed that hard water, which contains neutral salts in solution, does not become impregnated with lead in passing through the pipes; pure water, on the contrary, being readily affected with the lead properties; that the neutral salts in water prevent it acting upon the lead, while the oxygen of water not containing such salts has such an affinity for the metal that it leaves the hydrogen and acts chemically upon the metallic surface.

Experiments have recently been made, with considerable care, with the view to the employment of coal-dust as fuel in locomotives, instead of the usual lumps of coal or coke distributed over a grate, and the plan is said to realize some important advantages of convenience and economy. In the ordinary system of burning coal of the common size much uncombined oxygen passes through the furnace, since only that portion enters into combination which comes into immediate contact with the burning fuel, the incandescent surface of which is of moderate extent. By minutely dividing the fuel, however, and mingling it as dust with the air, the extent of the combining surface is, it is asserted, greatly extended, and a much more complete combustion is the result.

A method of rendering wood measurably noncombustible, and for preserving it when underground, is proposed by Dr. Reinsoh. The

wood, which must not be planed, is placed for twenty-four hours in a liquid composed of one part of concentrated silicate of potassa and three parts of pure water. After having been removed from this liquid and dried for several days, the wood is again soaked in this liquid, and, after having been again dried, is painted over with a mixture of one part cement and four parts of the liquid above described. After the first coat of this paint is dry, the painting is repeated twice. Of the paint-mixture alluded to, too large quantities are not to be made up at once, because it rapidly becomes very dry and hard. No tests or experiments are reported of the value of this method over other processes for the same purpose, but the *Chemical News* states that wood thus treated is rendered unflammable, and does not decay underground.

Attempts are making abroad to introduce the artificial growth of the finer and more valuable sponges. When the sponge is first gathered at the bottom of the sea it is covered with a black gelatinous substance, resembling vegetable granulations, among which microscopic white and oviform bodies may be distinguished. These are the larvae destined to perpetuate the species. When arrived at maturity they are washed out by the sea-water which incessantly flows through the sponge; they then swim along by the aid of their vibrating hairs until they reach a suitable rock, to which they attach themselves, and there commence a new life. This emigration of the larvae from the parent-sponge occurs about the end of June and the beginning of July. The sponges preferred for this purpose are those found on the coasts of Syria, where they are collected before the perfection of the larvae, transported to the localities desired, and arranged in stone troughs and sunk.

One of the most costly and magnificent—and probably much the largest—photographic portrait-lens ever made is one produced for Mr. Mayatt, the celebrated English photographer. It is an achromatic lens, ten and a half inches in diameter, and will take portraits of any size, from the smallest miniature up to very nearly the full life-stature. It is made of glass of the whitest and purest description, and its size admits so large a volume of light that photographs covering a space of ten by twelve inches may be done in eight seconds. In the open air groups of fifteen to twenty persons—each face about the size of an English sovereign, and the whole picture two feet long and two feet wide—can be taken with an exposure of ten seconds. The cost of manufacturing this lens was upward of one thousand dollars.

Miscellany.

Gesture-language in Italy.

IN Southern Italy there is current a venerable story, which is here given with all reserve, as the diplomats say; in other words, it is totally unworthy of belief. The story is this: A stranger present at a cabinet-council in Naples, after some silent pantomime had taken place, asked when business was going to begin, and was told that it was over.

"But," objected the astonished stranger, "nobody has said a word."

"True," was the answer; "but surely you observed what was going on?"

"I saw nothing going on," said the stranger, except a few shrugs and grimaces, and the king signing his name. You don't mean to say you call that ousness?"

"Of course," was the answer. "What's the use of a long talk, when we can express our meaning as well, and more quickly, by signs."

The story, though an exaggeration, is, nevertheless, not so utterly absurd as it seems to the English reader. Southern Italians use a great deal of gesture while speaking; not because they are deaf or dumb, for they are quick of hearing, everlasting talkers, and remarkably intelligent, but because they have picturesque instincts, and are not satisfied with expressing their ideas by feeble words; while they satisfy their natural impatience by using gestures in lieu of whole sentences, and can, and do, occasionally carry on conversations without any speech at all. For example: I have seen a man in a balcony near the top of a house narrate entirely by gestures his day's adventures to a friend on the ground-floor of a house on the opposite side of a street.

The gesture-language is believed to be, in the main, the same all the world over; still, in places widely apart, in which the habits of life are very different, it is natural to expect a corresponding difference in a language which is plainly imitative, and nothing else. In Mr. Tylor's work upon the "Early History of Mankind," which contains a very interesting account of this language, it is stated that, according to the general practice of mankind, shaking the head is the sign for the negative "No." In Southern Italy, however, shaking the head never means "No," but always, "I don't understand you; what do you mean?" while "No" is expressed by elevating the chin and protruding the under-lip a little; and a still stronger negative by the same movements, to which is added scraping the under-side of the chin with the tips of the right-hand fingers, holding the knuckles outward, and the fingers slightly bent. In the curious affidavit in support of the will of a deaf-and-dumb man, unable to read and write, quoted by Mr. Tylor, which explains the signs used by the testator to express his testamentary wishes, it is to be observed that the testator expressed his death by laying the side of his head in the palm of his right hand, and then lowering the right hand, palm upward, to the ground. In Southern Italy, a Catholic country, death is expressed by making the sign of the cross with the first two fingers of the right hand held together, upright, before the face, that being the final action of the priest when administering the sacrament to a dying person. The gesture by which the English deaf-and-dumb man expressed his death would, omitting the lowering of the hand, mean, in Southern Italy, sleep. In this country we beckon a person toward us by holding a hand or finger with the tips upward. In Southern Italy, however, the tips are held downward, and the English manner of beckoning is used for salutation. The verb "go" is expressed in Southern Italy by holding the open hand, the palm perpendicular, to the ground, and pointed in the intended direction, and shaking the hand up and down from the wrist; while in this country we simply point with the index-finger. In Southern Italy hunger is expressed by extending the thumb and first finger, keeping the others closed, over the mouth, and giving a rotary motion from the wrist. The reader is at liberty to try this upon any organ-grinder he meets, and mark the result. "To-day" is expressed by closing all the fingers of the right hand except the index, then pointing downward, making a rapid slight movement of the hand up and down; "to-morrow" is the same, except that the movement is greater, and from the elbow. Numbers, of course, are shown by holding up the fingers.

The History of Diamond-cutting.

Argument would be unnecessary to prove that this wonderful art originated in India, where the diamond was first discovered. The Romans, who undoubtedly derived their diamonds from this source, were ignorant of the methods of cutting and shaping these gems, and, as the Hindoos especially prized natural stones having a certain original lustre, the Romans wore them in this condition. A perfect example of this is found in the clasp of Charlemagne's mantle, composed of four large uncut diamonds, very probably a legacy of his imperial predecessors. A few rings of the period of the Lower Empire have come down to us, convincing proofs that the Romans wore them in their natural condition. The Hindoos, though perfectly aware of how to cut the diamond mechanically, were as ignorant a thousand years ago as they are to-day of producing all the brilliant effects of this king of gems. Desirous only of keeping the stone as near as possible to its original weight, they blindly followed every eccentricity of shape, making irregular planes, and covering defects or flaws with innumerable facets. In this condition the Koh-i-noor came to England. In Europe this method was continued until Louis de Berghem, of Bruges, in 1475 first boldly gave to the diamond precision of form. The important art of cleavage was discovered a century later, but, strange to say, was lost, to be found again only at the middle of the last century. In France, however, notably under the auspices of Cardinal Mazarin, great progress was made; but it is to Vicenzio Peruzzi, of Venice, who had hit on the precise form of the brilliant, that the art of diamond-cutting is mostly indebted for its excellence. He was the first to determine the absolute shape which gave to the diamond the greatest amount of brilliancy. One hundred years ago England cut almost all the diamonds of the world, but, strange to say, early in this century the entire business was transported to Holland, and now Amsterdam monopolizes this trade nearly altogether. Such is the skill of the Dutchmen that craftsmen have frequently gone from Holland to England for the purpose of recutting jewels of exceptional value. An opportunity of comparing the cut with the uncut diamonds may be had by visiting the jewelry establishment of Starr & Marcus, No. 23 John Street, where the curious will find a notable display of brilliant gems.

Ballooning.

For a long time the most famous ascent in ærostatic annals, was that of Gay Lussac, who, in September, 1804, started from Paris and reached the height of twenty-three thousand feet. To lighten the balloon he threw overboard every article he could possibly dispense with; a common deal chair went with the rest, and fell into a hedge close to a girl who was tending some sheep. As the sky at the time was clear, and the balloon invisible, some of the country-folk held that it must have come straight from Paradise, and cried "A miracle!" others refused to think that "the workmen up above there could be such muffs," for the chair was roughly made; but the miracle-mongers would, no doubt, have carried the question had not a timely account of Lussac's voyage appeared in the papers. Several years later, Andreoli and Brioschi ascended, it is said, but it has never been fully believed, to an elevation of thirty thousand feet, when the balloon burst with a loud report, and came to the ground with great speed, but safely, near Petrarch's tomb. The torn balloon must have acted as a parachute. Mr. Glaisher has himself fallen, in his balloon, two miles in four

minutes, and has landed without being greatly hurt. He and Mr. Coxwell became the champion aeronauts after their memorable ascent from Wolverhampton on the 5th of September, 1869. They rose to the enormous height of thirty-seven thousand feet, a mile higher than the highest peak of the Himalayas; at twenty-nine thousand feet Mr. Glaisher became insensible; the valve-line was entangled, and Mr. Coxwell had to climb from the car into the ring to readjust it; the cold was so intense that he lost the use of his hands and had to pull it with his teeth. Green, whose death we lately announced, was in his time the very prince of aeronauts, and made some fourteen hundred excursions into the air; but he was not much of a scientific observer, having (as he told M. de Fonville, who visited the old man in his latter days at Aerial Cottage, Holloway) "to make his bread by it," i. e., by mounting into the clouds for the delectation of those who resort to tea-gardens.

A balloon is poised in the air with exquisite delicacy. Tissandier relates that throwing out a chicken-bone caused the Neptune to rise suddenly from twenty to thirty yards, and Lunardi's barometer fell three degrees on his casting away his hat. On sand being thrown out from a balloon rapidly descending, it (apparently) rises into the air, and, as the balloon slackens speed, falls again in a fine shower. The sea is the great bugbear of the aeronaut; to save the land he will almost drop upon it like a stone. Mr. Glaisher, who chose Wolverhampton for his favorite place of ascent, tells us that an aeronaut cannot get far enough from the sea in England, and requires all the land-room of a continent to make his voyage with freedom and comfort. Balloons have a great reputation for danger, but the three thousand five hundred ascents which have been made have only caused fifteen deaths. The most critical moment of an air-voyage is its last; to be able to take the ground well and skilfully requires the greatest presence of mind as well as thorough experience, and even then there is generally more or less of a crash.

Wolf-Rock Light-house.

The English Government has built a light-house upon the Wolf Rock, which is situated about nine miles southwest of the Land's End. The surface of this rock is very rugged; consequently, to land upon it is at all times a very difficult matter. As it is, moreover, in deep water (about twenty fathoms on all sides), and exposed to the full force of the Atlantic Ocean, a terrific sea falls upon it, as may readily be supposed. From this cause the building of the new light-house has been no child's-play. The light was first exhibited on the 1st of January, 1870, and has since burned regularly every night, from sunset to sunrise. But the structure has taken nearly eight years to erect. On the 17th of March, 1862, the workmen first got upon the rock, to cut out the foundation; but owing to the insecurity of the foothold, and the constant breaking of the surf over the rock, stanchions were obliged to be fixed in the rock where the workmen were digging, and each man worked with a safety-rope lying near him, one end of which was attached to the nearest stanchion. An experienced man was always stationed on the summit as "crow," to look out for the sea, and give warning when a wave was likely to sweep over the rock; when the men would hold on, head to the sea, while it washed over them. Then, when the wave had passed over, and there was a temporary lull, picks, hammers, and jumpers, some over twenty pounds in weight, were frequently found to have been washed away. An additional dan-

ger to the men was in the necessary blasting of the rock with gunpowder—their only protection from the showers of shattered fragments of rock being a temporary pent-house, formed each time they landed. In building light-houses, the progress of the work must always depend upon the humor of the weather. Very often it is impossible to land on the rock at all; and, when you do, you may often find a large portion of the last day's work washed away; and this has to be done all over again. In the eight working seasons occupied over the Wolf-Rock light-house, there were two hundred and sixty-six landings; and of time spent in labor, eight hundred and nine and a half hours—being only one hundred and one working-days, of ten hours each, for the erection of the tower. In this light-house, a fog-bell, weighing five hundred-weight, is fixed on the lantern-gallery. It is struck by two hammers worked by machinery. For the purpose of giving the signal a distinctive character for the station, the machinery is arranged for striking the bell three blows in quick succession, at intervals of fifteen seconds. The cost of building this light-house, considering the exceptional difficulties, may be reckoned moderate—being about sixty-two thousand seven hundred and twenty-six pounds.

Worth, the Man-milliner of Paris.

Ambassadors' wives and court-ladies used to go to take tea with the fellow, and dispute the honor of filling his cup or putting sugar into it. I once went into his shop—a sort of drawing-room hung round with dresses; I found him lolling on a chair, his legs crossed before the fire. Around him were a bevy of women, some pretty, some ugly, listening to his observations with the rapt attention of the disciples of a sage. He called them up before him like school-girls, and, after inspecting them, praised or blamed their dresses. One, a pretty young girl, found favor in his eyes, and he told her that he must dream and meditate several days over her, in order to find the inspiration to make a gown worthy of her. "Why do you wear these ugly gloves?" he said to another; "never let me see you in gloves of that color again." She was a very grand lady, but she slipped off her gloves, and put them in her pocket with a guilty look. When there was going to be a ball at court, ladies used to go down on their knees to him to make them beautiful. For some time he declined to dress any longer the wife of a great imperial dignitary who had not been sufficiently humble toward him; she came to him in tears, but he was obdurate, and he only consented at last to make a gown for her on condition that she would put it on for the first time in his shop. The empress, who dealt with him, sent to tell him that if he did not abate his prices she would leave him. "You cannot," he replied, and, in fact, she could not, for she stood by him to the last. A morning dress by this artist, worth in reality about four pounds, cost thirty pounds; an evening dress, tawdry with flounces, ribbons, and bad lace, could not be had under seventy pounds. There are about thirty shops in Paris where, as at this man-milliner's, the goods are not better than elsewhere, but where they cost about ten times their value. They are patronized by fools with more money than wits, and chiefly by foreign fools. The proprietor of one of these establishments was complaining to me the other day of what he was losing by the siege; I told him that I sympathized with him about as much as I should with a Greek brigand bewailing a falling off of wealthy strangers in the district where he was in the habit

of carrying on his commercial operations.—*Labouchère's Diary of a Besieged Resident in Paris.*

Coloring Pipes.

Consider, in the first place, a meerschaum pipe in its native purity of hue. It is a symbol of one of the most universal, and, we might almost add, one of the most intellectual pleasures known to humanity. From a moral point of view, it is suggestive of peace, of the calming of over-irritated nerves, and of general good-will toward mankind. Tobacco supplies one of the few comforts by which men who live by their hands solace themselves under incessant hardships, while it equally gives relief to the excited brain of those who depend upon intellectual labor. In all the wide scale of human beings which intervenes between the red Indian and the German philosopher, there is no rank for which tobacco does not soften the harsh edges of daily life. Next to the man who invented sleep, we should pay gratitude to the benefactor who discovered this method of entering the confines of sleep during our waking hours. So great and universal a pleasure should surely have its outward signs to recall the memory of past happiness. Some of the highest artistic faculties have been called out in the effort to render more attractive the instruments which minister to the more sensual and dangerous passion for intoxicating drinks. If it is worth a man's while to ornament a drinking-cup with the labor of months or years, why should not an equal attention be bestowed upon pipes? The meerschaum is to the ordinary clay what the diamond is to agate, or gold to copper; but it must be admitted, if we judge from the specimens exhibited in tobaccoconists' shops, that it has hitherto employed only a very inferior order of talent. Yet the meerschaum has the special glory that, if skillfully handled, it is ornamented in the very process of enjoyment. It would require no ordinary power of language to point out the lovely gradation of colors through which the virgin white of the primitive material gradually deepens through a delicate amber down to the richest chestnut, and finally to the blackness of midnight. The great qualifications for success, in this as in every other art, are thoughtfulness, attention, and a deep sense of responsibility. No man should choose a pipe recklessly, or smoke it with a regard only to the immediate pleasure; his great end should be always more or less distinctly before him; once fairly launched on the path of success, he should not allow himself to be hurried or deviated from his aim; and, when at length his labors have produced the desired result, when the pipe is arrayed in all its glories of color, and every danger has been evaded by unremitting care, he should place it before him on some safe pedestal, as a record of former successes, and a stimulus to new efforts.

The Great Indian Famine.

The *Gazette of India* has just published a painful but deeply-interesting report of the *tir-kal*, or threefold famine of grass, grain, and rats, which fell in 1868-'69 with frightful severity on one hundred thousand square miles of Rajpootana, surpassing in intensity any which has occurred since 1812, and almost equalling that of 1661, of which the record is preserved that three-quarters of the cattle died, and that man ate man. The visitation having been chiefly in native states, accurate statistics are not forthcoming; it is impossible, therefore, to come to any quite accurate conclusions as to the mortality which the famine caused directly or indirectly. The scanty crops which in spite of drought struggled up were swept off the face

of the earth by a plague of locusts; cholera fastened on the starved people, and a terrible fever followed, striking down the entire population. The deaths from this latter cause alone are put down at twenty per cent. of the inhabitants, while in some of the Marwar districts they rose as high as one-third. Taking the most moderate of the statistics furnished, the local authorities calculate that in Marwar, and Ajmere, and the other districts, no less than one and a quarter million of human beings died of disease and starvation. What could be done to alleviate suffering was done; but it was very little, for the stricken districts were cut off from the possibility of adequate aid. How this happened is explained in the report, which says that the Rajpootana famine bore a strong resemblance to the Orissa famine in one particular; that for some months, though from a different cause, Rajpootana, like Orissa, was shut off from the receipt of supplies at the most critical period of the year. In Orissa this arose from the impossibility of ships approaching the coast to unload during the monsoon months. In Rajpootana the same result was produced by the utter failure of forage, the price of which was in many places actually dearer than grain, so that no carts could travel, nor could the pack-bullocks of the Bunjaras, of which there are hundreds of thousands in Rajpootana and Central India, traverse the country. The result was the same. The sea in one case, and the want of grass in the other, isolated the famine tract from the rest of India. It must be admitted that great efforts were made to relieve the sufferers. The chiefs of Oodeypore and Jeypore set a noble example, which was followed by almost every other chief whose states were stricken, and by many who were beyond the famine limit. Famine-relief works were started and maintained at comparatively enormous expense during the whole of the visitation; the United Presbyterian Mission, which has made Rajpootana its field for missionary enterprise, labored both in purse and person; the Marwarers in Bombay, acting with the Bombay Government and the Chamber of Commerce, sent liberal contributions; and the Government of India expended in relief works, for the four hundred and twenty-six thousand inhabitants of its own province of Ajmere, fifteen and a quarter lakhs of rupees, or nearly three years' gross revenue of the country.

Burning of Widows.

Europeans have always been led to suppose that, by the act of *suttee*, Hindoo wives declared their undying attachment to their husbands, but Dr. Chever, in his recent work on Indian medical jurisprudence, traces the custom to a very different origin. He brings forward authorities to show that the Bramins themselves invented the law as a means of self-protection against their wives. Before its introduction the wives were in the habit of avenging themselves on their husbands for neglect and cruelty by mixing poison with their food, and at last things came to such a height that the least matrimonial quarrel resulted in the husband's death. An easier remedy for the evil might have been found in permitting the wife to eat out of the same dish as the husband, but this would have involved too wide a departure from the customs of society; and it must be admitted that there is a peculiar refinement of cruelty in the expedient adopted which would commend itself to the Asiatic mind. Of late years the law of *suttee* has been occasionally set at defiance, but the widow cannot altogether escape the consequences of her husband's death. His family degrade her, and put her to the most menial duties in the house.

Foreign Items.

THE eccentric old Duke Charles of Brunswick, whose fondness for curious diamonds has made him so well known, intends to remove from Geneva, where he resides at the present time, to Vienna; he has determined not to make the journey by rail, but to travel in a sort of strong box on wheels, containing the safe with his diamonds, and escorted by four armed horsemen.

Emile de Girardin, although now a septuagenarian, has resolved to establish a new daily paper in Paris as soon as the revolutionary troubles are over, and to write two columns of editorial matter for its morning and evening editions. He spoke to Louis Blanc about furnishing articles for the new paper; but the latter is to contribute exclusively to George Sand's new daily paper. So says the Versailles correspondent of the *Gazette de Bruxelles*. The *Liberty*, Girardin's old paper, has been sold to Francisque de Sarcey.

Henry von Sybel, the historian of Bonn, contributes regularly to two German, one French, one Russian, and one English magazine. But Karl Blind surpasses him in this respect. He corresponds for papers published in six languages, and is, besides, a frequent contributor to the magazines and reviews of England, Germany, and France. The "Correspondent's Manual," a small pamphlet, published recently at Amsterdam, in Holland, gives these details.

The royal family of Belgium is singularly unfortunate. The king is partially blind, and suffering at times dreadfully from photophobia. The queen is afflicted with dropsy of the heart. The king's brother, the Count of Flanders, is stone-deaf. His wife, the beautiful Princess of Hohenzollern, is consumptive; and Carlotta, the king's sister, is insane.

Felix Pyat's grandfather was hanged in France by order of the Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., and the grandson says that the memory of that dark deed, ever since he was able to think, made him a decided advocate of tyrannicide.

In a prize contest among the photographic artists of the principal cities of Germany and Austria, the first premium was awarded by the prize jury, sitting at Stuttgart, to a Munich firm, and the second to a photographer from Frankfort-on-the-Main.

Pope Pius IX. speaks four languages fluently, though all of them with a strong accent. He is, besides, a good Greek and Hebrew scholar. He was, at one time of his life, engaged in writing a Greek-and-Latin dictionary, but never finished it.

Madame Dejazet, the great French actress, is dead. Up to her seventieth year she appeared in youthful *roles*. Alexandre Dumas offered her, at one time, his hand, but was rejected. Scribe wrote for her ten or twelve of his most successful and popular plays.

It is proposed to convert the Walhalla, built near Ratisbon by King Louis I., of Bavaria, into a mausoleum for the Emperors of Germany. The idea is believed to have originated with the young King of Bavaria. Some German papers express strong opposition to the idea.

Perlsen, the Swedish author, who has acquired sudden celebrity by the only book he has written, a small volume of fables, has received a decoration from the King of Sweden,

and been chosen member of the Academy of Upeal.

A posthumous letter of Henry Heine, the great German poet, relates how that charming ballad of his, "*Ich weisse nicht, was soll es bedeuten*," originated. It took him but fifteen minutes to write it. It is now sung wherever Germans live.

Three Americans intend to open a large hotel at Cronstadt, near St. Petersburg, a place which, it is generally believed in the commercial circles of Europe, will soon assume great importance and rapidly increase in population.

A curious fact about book-publishing in the kingdom of Greece is, that, of every book issued at Athens, nearly three times as many copies are sold out of the country as in Greece itself.

It is said in literary circles, in Berlin, that less than eleven hundred copies of Theodor Mommsen's celebrated "History of Rome" were sold by the German publishers. Abroad, the sales were much larger.

The King of Greece has recently been in feeble health, the climate of the country not agreeing with him; and it is said that he seriously intends following the example of King Otho, and abdicating his crown.

The late *Odermases* of the German book-trade, at Leipsic, was very unsatisfactory to the publishers. The prospects of the book-trade, in that country, are looked upon as rather gloomy.

The critic of the *Neue Wiener Freie Presse*, one of the leading literary authorities in Germany, speaks very highly of the opening chapters of Louisa Muhlbach's new novel, "*Mehemet Ali*."

The publisher of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which was suppressed by the Communists, offers that celebrated review for sale. It has been exceedingly profitable from the first day of its publication.

Jules Levin's curious novel, "Twenty Thousand Miles under the Ocean," is meeting with great success, despite the unfavorable aspect of the times.

A water-color portrait of the Emperor of Russia, painted by the empress, was recently sold for six thousand rubles at a patriotic fair, in the city of Kiev.

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's son is a university professor in Heidelberg, and one of the most prolific writers for the magazines of his country.

The two Cassagnas have returned to France. They live in retirement at Nismes, but propose to return to Paris at an early day.

Offenbach received a larger copyright for "*Barbe Bleue*" than for any of his other operettas.

Senator Schurz, of Missouri, has been elected honorary member of the Historical Society of Austria.

The Schiller-literature of Germany embraces over four thousand works.

The widow of Scribe, the French dramatist, is dead. She left a very large fortune.

A weekly paper, named *The North*, is about to be issued in Iceland.

Varieties.

THE new express train from Plymouth to London will probably be the fastest train in the world in the part of its journey which lies over the Bristol and Exeter and Great Western Railways. Leaving Exeter at 10.30, it is timed to reach Paddington at 2.45; including a stoppage of five minutes at Bristol, and the inevitable and vexatious ten minutes at Swindon, the journey of one hundred and ninety-four miles will occupy four hours and a quarter. The Irish limited mail, hitherto considered the fastest train, occupies six hours and thirty-five minutes between London and Holyhead, being at the pace of only one hundred and seventy miles in four hours and a quarter. The fastest train on the Great Northern Line is between London and Peterborough, seventy-five miles, which is done in one hour and thirty-seven minutes; but the Great Western's accelerated express will run from Swindon to London, seventy-seven miles, in one hour and twenty-seven minutes.

When you see Whittier, you see instantly it is the Whittier of the pictures, only more thin and gray. The pictures give you a larger head, yet not so fine in the lines that mean most in a man of genius; and no picture can give you the eyes, smaller than those we see in the portraits of Burns, but dark, intense, and tender—and when he speaks of what touches him intensely, all aglow with the light of his soul—such eyes, indeed, as you only see now in a picture by one of the great old masters.

A San Francisco journalist, desiring to give his readers a faint idea of the performance of a band of Chinese musicians, asks them to imagine themselves "in a boiler-manufactory where five hundred men are putting in rivets, a mammoth tin-shop next door on one side, and a forty-stamp quartz-mill upon the other, with a drunken *charivari* party with six hundred instruments in front, and four thousand enraged cats on the roof."

When Professor Felton, reading "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to the captain of the ship of which he was a passenger, came to the description of Oberon sitting on a promontory listening to a mermaid on a dolphin's back, the seaman was disgusted. "The dolphin's back," said he, "is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could possibly ride the beast unless she first saddled him!"

A clergyman at Cairo, Illinois, expressed lately his contempt of nickels in his Sunday collection, and positively forbade any of his congregation from contributing any thing under the denomination of five cents. "Save your cents," said the good man, "until you have five before you put your hands in this box. The widow's-mite business is played out here."

It is not likely that the suit brought in the United States Circuit Court, at Washington, to test the right of women to vote under the fourteenth amendment, will be reached for argument before next November. Then it would go to the Supreme Court and remain there, probably, for some years before a decision could be had.

A local report of the period: "Mr. Collins, of Hartford, bought a ferocious watch-dog. Mr. Collins came home late that night. His wife says that his trousers can't be mended. The dog's skin is for sale cheap. Mr. Collins hopes to be able to sit down in a few weeks."

A clergyman was lately depicting before a deeply-interested audience the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming, "A young man in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sunday while I was preaching the gospel in a beastly state of intoxication!"

A Western editor, who doesn't know much about farming, anyway, suggests that, for garden-making, a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it, would be an improvement on the spinal column now in use.

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat? Because it is first cradled, and then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

A school-girl was recently asked at an examination by the clergyman, to tell him what Adam lost by his fall, and, when pressed, she replied, "I suppose it was his hat!"

A young lady of Logan County, Kentucky, has advertised "for sealed proposals for her hand and heart." It is not stated whether she will take the lowest "tender."

The Providence *Journal* says, "Poverty is in most cases a blessing." And so it may be; but those who have enjoyed it for a great many years like to see it brighten by taking its flight.

In London, workmen are carried on the railroads ten miles, once a day each for a week, for twenty-five cents.

Never owe any man more than you are able to pay, and allow no man to owe you more than you are able to lose.

Why will folks pay so much for rent when they can get a house maid for three or four dollars!

The woman that maketh a good pudding in silence, is better than one that maketh a tart reply.

The chief agent in producing the crevasses in the levees on the Lower Mississippi is the crawfish.

Othello was not a lawyer, although he was a tawny general of Venice.

An oyster leads a placid life until it gets into a stew.

The artist's adieu to his picture—You be hanged!

Why is your chambermaid immortal? She returns to dust every day without dying.

Forty-seven women are editorially connected with the New-York press.

"Long and successful reign"—The deluge.

When the beer runs out does it hop?

The board of health—A plain diet.

A constant gleaner—The tax-gatherer.

Parental acres—The old man's corns.

The Museum.

THE Waraus are one of the numerous savage tribes inhabiting Guiana, South America. The climate of this district is so warm that houses are little needed, all that is required being a simple roof above the head. The ordinary kind of hut is nothing more than a mere shell, a sort of barn without the walls, supported on posts, and thatched with leaves. From the posts and rafters are hung the personal goods of the natives, such as fans, paddles, clubs, blow-guns, bows and arrows, and similar articles. Between the upright posts, and sometimes from the transverse beams, are suspended the hammocks, some of which are almost invariably occupied, as the native has a natural genius for lying in his hammock. The site selected for a house must combine several requirements. In the first place, it must be near a stream, so that the women may not have more trouble than needful in fetching water for the use of the household, and that the canoe may be within easy reach of the house when the owner wishes to set out upon one of the frequent migrations which take place among these tribes. It must be a spot which is rather out of the way. The native Guianan likes peace and quietness, and has a strong objection to being disturbed, the apathy of his nature being supplemented by an inveterate shyness, which makes him keep aloof from strangers. It must also be a spot where the ground is light and sandy, and where the very slight cultivation needed in this land can be easily carried on. The house being built, the next business is to prepare a field for the cultivation of yams and cassava, and this is

the only hard work the men will condescend to do. The ground is already occupied by trees, but this is of no consequence to the native agriculturist. Having selected a convenient spot, he cuts down the trees, ingeniously contriving that the fall of one shall bring down several others. This is done at the beginning of the hot season, i. e., somewhere in August. The tropical sun soon dries the fallen trees, and, when they are sufficiently parched for



Architecture of the Warau, Guiana.

the purpose the Indian sets them on fire, a process which rapidly consumes all but the trunks and the largest branches. He has now done his share of the work, and leaves the rest to the women, who have to clear away the debris as far as they can, and to do all the digging, planting, and weeding that is needed. The house itself is built by the women, who do nearly all the labor, heavy work being beneath the character of a man to undertake.

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